

THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 125 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



EVENING POST

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1859.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1854.
WHOLE NUMBER NINETEEN, 1859.

SUMMER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

The breath of the beautiful Summer
Is coming back once more;
And now we can raise up the windows,
And open the winter-closed doors.
To let the soft wind from the southland
Creep over the carpet again,
With the birds' welcome chorus of music,
And the odor of pattering rain.

Sweet Summer! she brings up the roses,
Like miracles, out of the ground!
And on the old trees in the orchard,
Makes apples grow ruddy and round!
Loops up the red cherries in bunches,
On the trees that hang over the wall,
And scatters the grapes on the lattice,
The dearest darlings of all!

Now open go out to the ploughing,
Knee-deep in the dew-dabbled grass,
And sniff up the odor of clover
And young growing wheat as they pass.
And in the green lanes and the pastures,
And under the blossoming hawthorn,
The brooklets are singing of sunshine,
And honey-bees dreaming of flowers.

Oh! poets may sing of each season—
The splendor of hazel-eyed Fall,
And the beauties of Springtime and Winter—
But Summer is Queen of them all!
Sweet Summer! that brings up the roses,
Like miracles, out of the ground,
And on the old trees of the orchard,
Makes apples grow ruddy and round!
Cleveland, Ohio.

ORNAMENTS FOR A BRIDE.

BY MRS. LENOX CONYNGHAM.

Around her head no jewels bind,
Symbols of pomp and pride;
Fresh flowers, through the hair entwined,
Beft to young a bride.
No diadem should rear its weight
Above that child-like brow;
The future may bring robes of state,
But dress her simply now.

Load her with roses whose sweet breath,
Like memories fond and pure,
Bequeathes their fragrance, after death,
Still cherished to endure.
Heart's ease shall typify her lot;
Her love by pinkies be told;
And she shall have forget-me-not,
With its true heart of gold.

Give her no pearls—for "pearls are tears"—
To hang about her neck;
No gems betokening woe or fears,
Her youthful form to deck;
No opals with its changeable hue,
That is "Misfortune's stone";
No sapphires, by whose depth of blue
"Repentance" is foretold.

Our bride in flowers shall be dressed,
Which bode no grief or sin;
As best becomes a tranquil breast,
And loyal heart within.
And we wish her joy's best wealth;
A life with blessings fraught;
But chief of all, the spirit's health,
To use them as she ought.

Original Romance.

THE CAVALIER.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "REBELLETS," "DARLEY," "MARY

OF BOWEN," "THE OLD DOMINION,"

&c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year

1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office

of the District Court for the Eastern District of

Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXVII.

What a wonderful and blessed thing is night, when nature withdraws the stimulus poured upon the brain through the little channel of the eye, and all the cares and fatigues of the past day, like sour grapes, who have been crossed with the wayward child till it was weary, turn kind and compassionate at last, and rock the mind to sleep. "The blanket of the dark," Shakespeare calls it, and contrasts it with Heaven. Now, doubtless there is many a wicked thing done behind the blanket; but I see not why the misuse of any of Heaven's best gifts by man and man's passions, should take away from the value of that gift. The best boon that ever was conveyed can be abused; and we have no one to thank for the evil but ourselves. When God created the evil and the good, He permitted the evil, but ordained the good, and left man to choose between them. Shall we blame God for what He permitted? Shall we reprove that He left us free agents? Shall we justify ourselves by thinking that He did not bind us while He created us, but left us to choose for ourselves? Let us rather deplore the weakness which we have engendered and encouraged in our own hearts, repent of each evil that has brought others in its train, and thank Him, who has given us blessings we de-

served not, freedom which we have ourselves abused, a thousand guides into the right path to whose voice we would not listen, and yet have called us home at the last, if we will but obey the voice of Him who sent us forth.

Little children, listen unto me, and let not all the mercies of the Lord be given in vain.

The man who invented lamps, I think, did more harm than good; he extended the time of strife and turmoil; he abridged the period of repose and peace; he gave to active thought and mental labor more than their fair share of life; he crowded existence with rest; he deprived exertion of repose. Some men, indeed, can cast from them in a moment the memory of strife and trouble, and find at once the calm provided by God for the daily business of the conflict. I know a minister who is so happily constituted, that after the most fiery debate, the most eager struggle, he can lie down and sleep as calmly as a child; and such a man was Sir Edward Langdale. The soldiers, when they locked the door, left him a light; but in a few moments he blew it out, and stretched upon the bed, went sound asleep. He had, it is true, a wife, a son, a daughter, all prisoners in that house; but he had prayed God for them, and in Him he trusted. The darkness relieved the overwrought brain, fatigue and watching gave down to the pillow, and slumber visited him unasked.

It was past ten, and well nigh eleven, when the good knight lay down; and in the house there was many a sound for more than an hour after. Every room, every closet, I might say every cranny, which had not been searched before, was strictly visited; and the stables and the chambers over them were examined. The horses were counted, too; but they were fewer than the inmates of the house; and unless some one had already departed, it was evident that the Parliamentary party had possession of all who had lately arrived; for all the beasts bore evidence of toll and travel, and some were slightly wounded. An old man and woman, too, who had been found in the kitchen, were cross-questioned rigorously; but they merely stated that they had been on the premises for years. They had remained from the time Sir Edward and his lady had left, some years before, had been ejected by sequestrators, restored when the sequestration was taken off, and had seen no one enter the place since but Sir Edward, who had come on the fourth of September with his son, whom they remembered as a boy, and a few followers, and Lady Langdale and her daughter, who had come afterwards with some attendants. The whole party they described and counted, and on comparing the numbers showed that the account tallied exactly with that of the prisoners within. All this did not take place without a good deal of noise; for the soldiers did not moderate their tones out of reverence for the repose of the sleepers, and sometimes a tongue was heard shouting from the bottom to the top of the house, when any fancied discovery was made. The leader himself retired to the dining-hall, and the collar having been opened by a key which fitted all locks, proceeded to console the inner man with the best he could find. Food was not very abundant, indeed, but the wine was good, and to him it seemed to supply very satisfactorily the paucity of more solid meat. It made him not merry in the least, however. He remained grave and gloomy, muttering to himself more than once,

"We have been cheated, that is clear. The Lord General will be in a fine humor!"

But all the noise in the house did not wake Sir Edward Langdale, who had been accustomed to sleep in more troublous scenes than that. Indeed, the ending of anxiety and excitement, the termination, as it seemed to him, of exertion and expectation, probably tended to render his slumber more profound. He knew the house too well to imagine escape possible from the room in which he was confined; he knew the man in whose hands he was too well to think they would show mercy to a royalist taken in arms. The officer, however, waked and kept watch, while his prisoner slept so quietly, and his mind, at least, was evidently not at ease.

The sounds within the building were not the only ones which broke the silence of that night. Towards two o'clock, the galloping of horse coming along the road was heard, then the challenge of a sentry placed upon the terrace garden which separated the house from the highway, and then several voices speaking below. At the foot of the great staircase some one seemed to stop and talk for a minute or two with the soldier there on guard. There could be heard a deep, slow voice putting questions, and the short but apparently respectful answers of an inferior. At length several steps began to move up the staircase, and the officer rose, composed his countenance, and gazed towards the door. At length—for the new comers did not hurry themselves—the door opened, and a small party entered. The first was a man of middle height—rather above than below it—powerful and muscular in frame, but not at all obese. He wore a simple gray coat, with a plain linen collar, and a tall, unornamented black hat. His face, as far as features and coloring went, was decidedly coarse and plain, the features generally large and heavy, and the nose especially thick and ill-shaped; but the brow was massive and powerful, and the brownish gray eyes, though it had no fire, had a world of stern, grave power in it, and seemed to menace and rule all it fell upon. It was by far the finest feature in the face, and those who looked at it and could bear it, forgot in a moment the heavy nose and somewhat animal mouth, the coarse, greasy complexion, and the thin, strag-

gling hair, and felt as if they had before them some one more, as if unseemly on a chair; and he demanded about, "Who is there?" No one answered; but a step approached his bedside, and a hot, feverish hand grasped his. "Hush!" said a voice he well knew, "speak low! It is I, Bernard March. They have thrust me in here, because all the other rooms are full. You were sleeping soundly; and, sleep, I fancy, is the best thing for you or me. We shall sleep soundly enough, ere long. Where is Lucy? where is Lady Langdale? Are they safe?" "All prisoners, Bernard," said the knight, pressing high and. "But we feared that you were killed. It will gladden poor Lucy's heart, amidst all her sorrows, to find you still living. We saw you fall."

"Better for her and me, that I had died there," replied the Earl, "then, one grief would have ended all; but now, what has she to go through? For me, the coming fate is light. One blow of an axe, and all is over. But for her, poor girl, there is not even that relief. Would that I had never seen her. Oh, that we had never met, rather than that I should have brought all this misery upon her."

He was evidently much moved; but Sir Edward answered, "Fie, Sir Bernard. There be some griefs more wholesome, ay, and more dear than long hours of joy. Lucy may mourn—we must all of us mourn in this life; but the memories you leave behind, and the hopes of the future, will pour balm into her heart; and, please God, will enable her to endure. Besides," he added, "while there is life, there is hope. But had these men aye, they will not hurt women; and their greed of blood, God knows, has but too large means just now to glut itself."

"For me, the hope is very small," replied the young nobleman; "as yet, they know not who I am—but the moment that is discovered, my fate is sealed. As to escape, that is a vain expectation. I have a ball in my shoulder, which takes away all the activity I once possessed. I and my horse were struck together. Thank Heaven, he will never be mounted by a traitor! He served his master and his King till his last hour, and died, as I should have died, upon the battle-field."

Several minutes of silence ensued; and then, the Earl asked abruptly, "How is Henry? Poor lad, he seemed badly hurt."

"Not so, Bernard," replied Sir Edward, rising and feeling his way towards the window, "the ball passed through his hand, and disabled it for a time; but he is young, when wounds either of the body or the heart ought soon to heal. His seems getting well already."

Thus saying he took down the shutter from the window and looked out. It was still night; but there seemed a slight diminution of the darkness, not exactly dawn, but that something less than twilight which precedes the harbinger of day.

"It will soon be light," said the knight; "thank God for it, for the most painful part of imprisonment is the blank, rayless night."

"It is like our fate, Sir Edward," answered Bernard March, "all obscure and hopeless. What do you intend to do when daylight comes? What is the height of that window? Could you not escape even now under cover of the night?"

Sir Edward smiled, for the Earl's words showed the first return of hope; but he answered, "The window is far too high; and even were it not so, I should not try. What leave my dear wife and children, and you too in captivity? No, no, Bernard, I must wait and see. We shall soon know more. I hear them even now stirring in the neighboring room."

"Then we shall soon hear more," said the Earl, "these people are not long in deliberation usually; see, it is growing gray in the east."

It was so truly. Dawn had commenced, and Bernard March and Lucy's father stood at the window and watched the changes, from bluish gray to russet brown, and from brown to golden yellow.

The rise of the sun is always a beautiful thing; and I who have witnessed it more frequently perhaps than many men, can still appreciate that loveliness which never fails and brings always something fresh. But when we see the morning break, with doubt and uncertainty in our own hearts, as well as in dread or sorrow, there is something even in the beauty which is melancholy, in the bright coloring which is gloomy.

"Open the window, Sir Edward," said Bernard March, "I have been so feverish all night, that I feel as if I should be suffocated. A little fresh morning air will do me good."

"If we could but have a surgeon to extract the ball!" said the knight; but at the same time he opened the window with all that noise and rattle which old casements, and many new ones, produce under the process.

A soldier was instantly in the room; and, seeing Sir Edward and his fellow prisoner at the window, he asked with a lowering brow, "What are you about?—trying to escape?"

"Trying to escape from suffocation in this hot room!" answered the Earl, calmly. "Look down there, my man, and tell us for what you would take that leap?"

But while the man looked out, with a grim smile at the idea, Sir Edward added,

"Is it not possible to obtain a surgeon? This gentleman seems badly hurt."

"He is like to need a surgeon for his soul

more than for his body," growled the man, and left the room; but as he closed the door, they heard him say to those without, "they are asking for a surgeon."

The reply was unheard; but a number of voices, and a great deal of talking met the ear, over all of which, one deep, solemn voice was from time to time predominant. There were various sounds below the window, too; and soldiers were seen gathering, and horses led out, several men bringing buckets of water, or leading down chargers towards the neighboring stream to let the poor beasts drink.

At length, after the lapse of about half-an-hour, a sound of talking and remonstrance was heard; but some soldiers pushed a young, ill-looking man out upon the green; his coat was stripped off; his hands tied behind his back; and some down of well-laid-on and tingling blows were inflicted on his shoulders with doubled stirrup leathers. He was then untied, suffered to pick up his coat, and driven through the gates in no very courteous manner.

All this time the same deep voice went on, in powerful but monotonous tones; and at first the Earl and Sir Edward thought the speaker was preaching, but then came, apparently, a quick, short question, and then an answer in another voice.

For more than half-an-hour the same course of things proceeded; now conversations, rapid and loud enough; now the tones of some one holding forth; now some little incident upon the green before the house—sufficient to call the momentary attention of the prisoners, but not to detain it long. At length the door of the chamber opened, and the same man who had appeared before put in his head, saying,

"One called for a surgeon. Let him come forth. A surgeon is here."

Lord Dartmoor turned from the window to follow the soldier, but as he passed Sir Edward Langdale, he silently clasped his hand, with a warm, lingering pressure, which seemed to say,

"It may be the last."

When he entered the great dining hall adjoining, he found it much more thinly tenanted than he expected. There was sitting at the end of the large table that stern, hard featured soldier who had arrived in the middle of the night. He wore his hat, and was making some notes on a long strip of paper, while before him stood, bare-headed, but not tied, young Henry Langdale, with his right hand and arm supported by a hastily made sling. Standing a little further down the hall, wrapped in a horse-man's long, loose coat, was no other than the monk whom the Earl had found at the house of his good cousin, Lady Janet; but the sight of him caused no surprise, as Bernard at that moment imagined he had been taken with the rest of the party. At each door were two musketeers.

Taking advantage of the single moment, when Cromwell's head was bent over the paper on which he was writing, Lord Dartmoor made a sign to Henry not to recognize him, and passed close by his side without a word or a second glance.

Cromwell looked up, ran his eye over the form of the Cavalier from head to foot; and then turned to Henry again, resuming an examination which seemed to have commenced before.

"Verily, thou art bold, boy," he said, "to own that thou wert at Worcester and didst thy best—it was but little, I wot—to frustrate God's crowning mercy to this poor army of England."

"What was the use of denying it, sir?" said Henry Langdale.

"That is true, too," answered Cromwell. "I see thou tellest the truth, and that is something in these days, when the father of lies is busy about the land—especially in the camp and resort of the Cavaliers."

Henry bit his lip and colored a good deal; but Cromwell went on saying,

"Yet, thou art a mere boy, and hast not beard enough to dull the edge of the axe. Where wert thou born?"

"In France," answered the lad; and then with a more rapid combination of ideas and a just appreciation of the circumstances than might have been expected, he added, "many years ago my father aided the poor Protestants of Rochelle, and settled in France. There was I born."

"Ha!" said the General. "Ha!" and who is or was thy father?"

Henry Langdale's cheek turned pale, but he felt that to attempt concealment was vain, and he answered boldly, and with a look of pride,

"Sir Edward Langdale, of Bucklebury, a true Christian, and a good soldier."

Cromwell for a minute or two uttered not a word; but sat and gazed at the youth in silence, without a shade crossing his countenance which could afford any indication of the affection of his mind. At length he said,

"Where is thy father?"

"Nay, I know not," replied Henry. "He was here last night, and fell into the hands of your men."

"He is in there, my Lord General," said the man who stood by; and Cromwell instantly turned his face towards the Earl.

"And who art thou?" asked the great usurper, seemingly taking no note of what the soldier had said. "Thy face comes upon me as something I have seen in a dream. Nay, answer not. Let me try if I can unravel the tangled skein that events weave with events through a long and troublesome life till, at first sight, all seems knots and intricacies. We employ labor and skill to untwist the threads

when in vain—but then we grow impatient and we cut them. Did I ever see thee before?"

"I cannot tell," said Lord Dartmoor, "but if so, not near enough to know me. Had we been so near, it were unlikely that you and I had met here to-day."

"Never met!" said Cromwell; "thou art then, one of those rash and headless men, who carry private passions into public councils, who see in the open adversary, the individual foe, and become enemies rather than soldiers."

"Not so," exclaimed Lord Dartmoor, interrupting him, "as heaven help me, as I looked upon you—as I look upon you now, but as the public enemy, and would have slain you as a duty, long ere this, had heaven given me the opportunity of doing so, openly, man to man. But had we met, where I had you at disadvantage, though your death had saved the Kingdom, I would have spared you."

"Even as David spared Saul in the cave of Engedi," said Cromwell, with somewhat of a sneer in his tone; "but I am in David's place now, and then in Saul's. The one being somewhat reversed, maketh a great difference, young man." "It is for me to spare or not, as God gives me judgment. What is thy name? Answer quickly."

"My name is Bernard March, Earl of Dartmoor," answered the young nobleman at once. "I am not ashamed of that name, nor afraid to own it, even in these bonds."

"The Earl of Dartmoor!" cried Cromwell, half starting up and then reseating himself. "So young! so fair! and yet so terrible a disturber of the peace of England. Where are thy wounds, thy scars, the marks of thy many battles? Where Newbury, Edge-hill, and Marston Moor. Thine, like mine, has been a life of battles, but I am worn and weary with the strife—thou art a boy. Where are the marks of all thou has done, I say?"

He elevated his voice, as he asked the last question, and spoke with vehement rapidity. "Here!" said the Earl, laying his hand upon his heart, and then, in a calmer voice, he added, "General Cromwell, it is vain for me to bandy words. Did great success afford any true indication of God's approval, you are right, and I am wrong; yet of one thing be sure, that if you have acted conscientiously, and believed that all you did was for his good service who made us both, and that the little power he grants to mortal men was employed to do his will, believe at least this, that such was also the case with me, and that, with the lights which I possess, were the same to come over again, and with the same results, I would act as I have done."

"Well spoken!" answered Cromwell, with an inclination of his head, and perchance true. Yet thou must die, young man. For the peace of this Commonwealth, thou must die."

"So be it!" said the Earl.

"Yet I would not," continued the Lord General, "that thou should say, I took a wounded man and refused him a surgeon's aid. That man, there, who was brought in this morning, boasts of some leech's skill, and seems to have treated yonder boy's hand with discretion. He will attend to thy wounds. Look to him, sirrah, and give him what relief you can."

"Let that young man go," he continued, speaking to the soldier near; "he is but a boy, and has committed a boy's error. They say his mother and sister are here. Let them go, too, whither they will. He can go with them. We do not make war on women and boys."

The soldier, who seemed much in his confidence, spoke a word in his ear. "True!" he said, "mighty true. It is a point of policy, when we find a pile of ripe eggs on a dung-hill to crush the reptiles in the egg—if the hatched be not too large, but if it be, we waste our time, good General. England is large, man; and, if we went over it all, trampling on the young of the snake, we should never have done. Besides, we should take upon us what Heaven reserves for itself. Some may prove harmless, some be eaten up by the fowls of the air, some be crushed by the feet of passers by, few grow to maturity. Let them go, I say; but first take this youth's word that he never bears arms against the Commonwealth of England again. You may take his word. No need to swear him. These men keep their words—'tis a virtue, though a solitary one. No words! begone!"

Cromwell bent his head over the table, and for some minutes seemed lost in thought. He saw, indeed, much that was passing before him. He beheld the Earl of Dartmoor seated himself calmly in a chair and bare his shoulder, while the monk, with somewhat rude instruments of surgery, proceeded to the painful operation of extracting the ball from the shoulder, sometimes bending over him and speaking a word or two in his ear, sometimes devoting himself entirely to his task. The General marked not with any great attention, but he did see and notice that the young nobleman sat unshaken and firm, while the other probed the wound and searched for the ball, and then draw forth the bullet with what seemed a painful wrench. He marked, too, that there was no resistance, no motion of the limbs, though a slight shudder of the flesh of the arm showed that the patient suffered.

"A dangerous man!" thought Cromwell, "but a brave!" Then, turning to the soldier, he said, "Bring forth the other prisoner. He is the last, I think. Stay. Order my horse, and tell the officer commanding, that we march in an hour. Verily the poor beasts must eat, ay, and the men, too, must partake of those creature comforts which have been vouchsafed

when in vain—but then we grow impatient and we cut them. Did I ever see thee before?"

"I cannot tell," said Lord Dartmoor, "but if so, not near enough to know me. Had we been so near, it were unlikely that you and I had met here to-day."

"Never met!" said Cromwell; "thou art then, one of those rash and headless men, who carry private passions into public councils, who see in the open adversary, the individual foe, and become enemies rather than soldiers."

"Not so," exclaimed Lord Dartmoor, interrupting him, "as heaven help me, as I looked upon you—as I look upon you now, but as the public enemy, and would have slain you as a duty, long ere this, had heaven given me the opportunity of doing so, openly, man to man. But had we met, where I had you at disadvantage, though your death had saved the Kingdom, I would have spared you."

"Even as David spared Saul in the cave of Engedi," said Cromwell, with somewhat of a sneer in his tone; "but I am in David's place now, and then in Saul's. The one being somewhat reversed, maketh a great difference, young man." "It is for me to spare or not, as God gives me judgment. What is thy name? Answer quickly."

"My name is Bernard March, Earl of Dartmoor," answered the young nobleman at once. "I am not ashamed of that name, nor afraid to own it, even in these bonds."

"The Earl of Dartmoor!" cried Cromwell, half starting up and then reseating himself. "So young! so fair! and yet so terrible a disturber of the peace of England. Where are thy wounds, thy scars, the marks of thy many battles? Where Newbury, Edge-hill, and Marston Moor. Thine, like mine, has been a life of battles, but I am worn and weary with the strife—thou art a boy. Where are the marks of all thou has done, I say?"

He elevated his voice, as he asked the last question, and spoke with vehement rapidity. "Here!" said the Earl, laying his hand upon his heart, and then, in a calmer voice, he added, "General Cromwell, it is vain for me to bandy words. Did great success afford any true indication of God's approval, you are right, and I am wrong; yet of one thing be sure, that if you have acted conscientiously, and believed that all you did was for his good service who made us both, and that the little power he grants to mortal men was employed to do his will, believe at least this, that such was also the case with me, and that, with the lights which I possess, were the same to come over again, and with the same results, I would act as I have done."

"Well spoken!" answered Cromwell, with an inclination of his head, and perchance true. Yet thou must die, young man. For the peace of this Commonwealth, thou must die."

"So be it!" said the Earl.

"Yet I would not," continued the Lord General, "that thou should say, I took a wounded man and refused him a surgeon's aid. That man, there, who was brought in this morning, boasts of some leech's skill, and seems to have treated yonder boy's hand with discretion. He will attend to thy wounds. Look to him, sirrah, and give him what relief you can."

"Let that young man go," he continued, speaking to the soldier near; "he is but a boy, and has committed a boy's error. They say his mother and sister are here. Let them go, too, whither they will. He can go with them. We do not make war on women and boys."

The soldier, who seemed much in his confidence, spoke a word in his ear. "True!" he said, "mighty true. It is a point of policy, when we find a pile of ripe eggs on a dung-hill to crush the reptiles in the egg—if the hatched be not too large, but if it be, we waste our time, good General. England is large, man; and, if we went over it all, trampling on the young of the snake, we should never have done. Besides, we should take upon us what Heaven reserves for itself. Some may prove harmless, some be eaten up by the fowls of the air, some be crushed by the feet of passers by, few grow to maturity. Let them go, I say; but first take this youth's word that he never bears arms against the Commonwealth of England again. You may take his word. No need to swear him. These men keep their words—'tis a virtue, though a solitary one. No words! begone!"

Cromwell bent his head over the table, and for some minutes seemed lost in thought. He saw, indeed, much that was passing before him. He beheld the Earl of Dartmoor seated himself calmly in a chair and bare his shoulder, while the monk, with somewhat rude instruments of surgery, proceeded to the painful operation of extracting the ball from the shoulder, sometimes bending over him and speaking a word or two in his ear, sometimes devoting himself entirely to his task. The General marked not with any great attention, but he did see and notice that the young nobleman sat unshaken and firm, while the other probed the wound and searched for the ball, and then draw forth the bullet with what seemed a painful wrench. He marked, too, that there was no resistance, no motion of the limbs, though a slight shudder of the flesh of the arm showed that the patient suffered.

"A dangerous man!" thought Cromwell, "but a brave!" Then, turning to the soldier, he said, "Bring forth the other prisoner. He is the last, I think. Stay. Order my horse, and tell the officer commanding, that we march in an hour. Verily the poor beasts must eat, ay, and the men, too, must partake of those creature comforts which have been vouchsafed

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

FIVE DAYS LATER.—STRAINS DELAY OF THE ARRIVAL—JERUSALEM—MOVEMENTS—SARDINIAN ARMY AND PRINCE NAPOLEON—RAILWAY RECEIPTS AT GENOA—ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE—PROTEST OF THE POPE—INDEPENDENCE OF CROATIA—HEAVY DECLINE IN BRASS—THE AUSTRIAN RE-CROSSING THE SIERRA—CORRIGENDUM 21st/22.

The City of Baltimore brings Liverpool advice to the 12th—five days later.

The steamer passed Cork on the 12th, and brings despatches received by telegraph from London on that morning.

There had been no material change in political affairs, and the condition of matters in Italy remained as they were when the Canada sailed.

The latest intelligence from the seat of war, received at London on the day the City of Baltimore sailed, states that there had been no action of moment between the hostile armies.

The movements of the greatest indecision, inexplicable by the London press, and their conjectures are variable. Some can only account for their dilatory movements by the supposition that the unfavorable weather has prevented the General in Chief from carrying out the original plan of the campaign.

A Vienna bulletin says that the Austrian troops are waiting better weather before assuming the offensive.

The Sardinian commander, Gen. Marmora, has made the river his strategical line.

The Emperor and Prince Napoleon left Paris for Genoa on the 19th. The Emperor's engine was proclaimed during the absence of the Emperor, according to the previous arrangement.

The Emperor will assume the command of the allied forces in Sardinia. The Sardinian government are preparing a magnificent reception for Napoleon, on his arrival at Genoa.

Marshal Canrobert, the French general, is directing the operations of the allies from Alexandria.

There is said to be much sickness among the Austrian troops, as was expected, from the bad weather and the overworked condition of the country to which their movements have so far been confined.

The Austrians are fortifying their positions along the line of the river. The Emperor is making considerable additions to his reserve, and there will soon be 750,000 men under arms.

The Emperor had declared Ancona, on the Adriatic, in a state of siege, but the Pope protested, and a reconsideration of the matter was promised.

The French army at Rome is to be increased, and placed on a war footing.

The English Parliamentary elections had been almost concluded. The Ministerial gain was variously estimated by the English press at from 19 to 28 members.

M. de Persigny has been appointed French ambassador to London.

The Paris Monitor denies the report that the French army is about to concentrate on the Rhine.

TURN, May 11.—The Austrians are re-crossing the river Sile in haste.

TURN, May 11—10 o'clock A. M.—On reaching Veretti's, the Austrians ceased their retrograde movement, and to-day they made an excursion towards Forstera.

Count Cavour leaves to-day to meet the Emperor Napoleon at Genoa.

PARIS, May 12.—The Monitor publishes the following telegram:

ROME, May 10.—According to orders from Vienna, the state of siege has been raised at Ancona, and the Lightbore is again lit.

VIENNA, May 10.—The Archduke is dead.

LONDON, Thursday.—The Daily News city article, of that evening, says the price of consols improved one-eighth to one-quarter per cent. over Tuesday. The favorable effect had been produced by checking the drain of gold to the Continent.

The other departments of the Stock Exchange have a tendency to improve, and the prices were generally satisfactory.

In the discount market the demand was moderate, although high rates were demanded for long paper.

At Paris the subscription to the French loan of twenty millions already exceeds forty millions, including a very large number for only ten francs of annual income. All parties connected with the government were expected to take part in this new national demonstration.

At St. Petersburg exchange was firmer and quoted at 33 1/2. A powerful feeling was created on the Stock Exchange by the announcement that sixteen more individuals had ceased to be members of the establishment.

The Bank of Belgium has raised its rate of discount from three to four per cent.

MARSEILLES, Wednesday Evening.—The Emperor arrived here at mid-day, en route. He embarked on board the Hortense, where he received the city authorities, and left in the afternoon.

It was said in Paris that the Emperor expects to be at Milan by the end of May or the beginning of June.

LONDON, Thursday.—In the London Times it is said that the continued success between the hostile forces in Italy excites daily new conjectures.

The condition of Turkey has also been a subject of comment.

The recent rise in Russian produce has been followed by a considerable reaction. Hemp has fallen 4 per cent.

At Mark Lane yesterday, Wheat met with a slow sale, at a reduction of from 6 to 8s. per quarter.

There was much buoyancy on the Paris Bourse, owing to the enthusiastic demonstration attending the Emperor's departure, it being considered as a security for the maintenance of order at home.

Marshal Canrobert has issued orders of the day to the troops under his command at Alexandria, concluding in a spirited and warlike tone.

A despatch from Rome has been sent to the Pope's nuncio to leave Florence.

The Austrian war brig Triton had been accidentally blown up, while the commander and the vessel was on shore. The number of dead and missing was estimated at about 80.

Another report says that part of the crew were ashore when the explosion took place, and the number killed was only 4.

LONDON, May 12—Noon.—Consols opened at yesterday's closing price, 91 1/2, and advanced to 92, and are now firm at 91 1/2.

ADDITIONAL ITEMS.

VIENNA, May 6.—The official bulletin of Gen. Gyal reports that, on Wednesday, "we made demonstration near Cambio and Frassinetto. Our side had twenty wounded. Near Cornale we have thrown a bridge over the Po river, and the troops have crossed and fortified the head of the bridge. Yesterday, on our railroad, near Verona, a train filled with troops, came in collision with the ammunition wagons, some of which exploded. 23 of the men were killed, and 124 wounded."

It was reported in all military circles, that the Ministers of Great Britain intended to call out the whole militia, and fifty new battalions to be added to the line.

Lord Cowley reached London on Friday, and had a protracted interview with Lord Malmesbury.

Dr. Dionysius Lardner is dead. He was well known as a scientific writer of great ability,

and equally well known for the manual he compiled of the twenty years ago, by his eloquence to Austria with the wife of Dr. Heavyside.

There was considerable animation in the English naval department. Additional vessels were being placed in commission, and recruiting was going on actively.

The London Times continues to assert its belief in an alliance between France and Russia, and argues that Russia would not have gone so far as she has, without a previous understanding with France.

The Austrians had crossed the Po, near Cambio, and advanced towards Sala. They had also made an unsuccessful effort to cross the same river near Frassinetto, on the 2nd of May.

The Sardinian account of the latter effort says that the commanding lasted fifteen hours. It commenced at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th, and was kept up during the remainder of the day. The Piedmontese troops had but few wounded, while the Austrians suffered considerably.

The Austrians, on the 3rd, commenced a cannonade from the direction of Valenza, without much effect.

The official bulletin issued at Turin on the 4th, says that the Austrians have increased their force at Veretti, and constructed defensive works. They have also occupied Tronzo, Tobetto, having their vanguard at Tronzo.

They withdrew last night from Tronzo, and yesterday burned seven arches of the bridge over the Sioria at Piacenza. The demolition of the houses erected on the fortifications has also been ordered.

An official telegraph says that England has officially notified the Government that she will not be able to protect commercial vessels in case of a war between Germany and France.

The London Globe's Paris correspondent says that Queen Victoria has sent an autograph letter to the Emperor Napoleon, expressing confidence in his strict honor, and that he would go a step further than he assured her some months since.

Mr. H. St. John Midway is to accompany the head-quarters of the Austrian army as British Commissioner, and Col. Cameron will accompany the Sardinian army in a similar capacity.

An action took place recently at Limerick, Ireland. The military were called out, and fired on the mob, killing and wounding five.

At the Chester Cup race, Leamington won, the American Princess coming in fourth. Twenty-three horses ran.

Sir Moses Montefiore has failed in his mission to the Pope of Rome, on behalf of the child Mortara.

The Prince Archbishop of Vienna has issued a pastoral letter, attacking the armies of Piedmont and the ambition of Napoleon, and the opinion is expressed that war is not the greatest of evils, but is often a glorious work accomplished in the service of duty.

A cannon revolution had taken place in Parma, headed by the troops in favor of the Ducal Government, and the reigning Duchess, at the invitation of the troops, had re-entered Parma.

Gen. Hess will accompany the Emperor of Austria when he assumes the command of the army in Italy. It is reported, disapproves of Gen. Gyal's plan of attack.

A letter from Genoa confirms the report that all the Austrian vessels there had been seized by the Sardinians.

The new French loan of 500,000,000 francs is to be contracted by national subscription. It is to be a 3 per cent. loan, issued at 90 1/2, 30c., or 4 1/2 per cent.

It was reported that the French Government was endeavoring to secure the neutrality of Prussia, and had promised, on their side, not to form an army of observation on the Rhine, and that the war shall be confined to Italy.

The French subjects in Austria had placed themselves under the protection of the Spanish Minister.

An Austrian corps of observation will be posted near Cracow, to watch the Russians, who were gathering on the Austrian frontier.

The troops seem to be tending toward Alexandria, though Novi, ten miles southeast of it, is spoken of as the place where the first great battle will be fought.

A large portion of the French army had been unable to cross the Alps, in consequence of the passes being blocked up with snow. The portion that had succeeded in crossing suffered terribly.

It is reported that Prince Napoleon will command a corps of twenty thousand troops on the shores of the Adriatic.

The Turin correspondent of the London Daily News asserts positively that France is about to mobilize between seven and eight hundred thousand men, and that the French army on the Rhine will amount to five hundred thousand men.

The Emperor's plan is to have a delay of six weeks. It also states that the Emperor has decided that Austrian subjects may continue to remain in France and the French Colonies as long as their conduct furnishes no reason for complaint.

In the Chamber of Deputies of Prussia the Foreign Minister has made a statement of political affairs. He said that Prussia was, without deviation, pursuing the object of watching over the safety of Germany, and looking to the security of national interests and the maintenance of power in Europe; and with these objects the army had been placed ready to march.

At Mark Lane yesterday, Wheat met with a slow sale, at a reduction of from 6 to 8s. per quarter.

There was much buoyancy on the Paris Bourse, owing to the enthusiastic demonstration attending the Emperor's departure, it being considered as a security for the maintenance of order at home.

Marshal Canrobert has issued orders of the day to the troops under his command at Alexandria, concluding in a spirited and warlike tone.

A despatch from Rome has been sent to the Pope's nuncio to leave Florence.

The Austrian war brig Triton had been accidentally blown up, while the commander and the vessel was on shore. The number of dead and missing was estimated at about 80.

Another report says that part of the crew were ashore when the explosion took place, and the number killed was only 4.

LONDON, May 12—Noon.—Consols opened at yesterday's closing price, 91 1/2, and advanced to 92, and are now firm at 91 1/2.

ADDITIONAL ITEMS.

VIENNA, May 6.—The official bulletin of Gen. Gyal reports that, on Wednesday, "we made demonstration near Cambio and Frassinetto. Our side had twenty wounded. Near Cornale we have thrown a bridge over the Po river, and the troops have crossed and fortified the head of the bridge. Yesterday, on our railroad, near Verona, a train filled with troops, came in collision with the ammunition wagons, some of which exploded. 23 of the men were killed, and 124 wounded."

It was reported in all military circles, that the Ministers of Great Britain intended to call out the whole militia, and fifty new battalions to be added to the line.

Lord Cowley reached London on Friday, and had a protracted interview with Lord Malmesbury.

Dr. Dionysius Lardner is dead. He was well known as a scientific writer of great ability,

and equally well known for the manual he compiled of the twenty years ago, by his eloquence to Austria with the wife of Dr. Heavyside.

There was considerable animation in the English naval department. Additional vessels were being placed in commission, and recruiting was going on actively.

The London Times continues to assert its belief in an alliance between France and Russia, and argues that Russia would not have gone so far as she has, without a previous understanding with France.

The Austrians had crossed the Po, near Cambio, and advanced towards Sala. They had also made an unsuccessful effort to cross the same river near Frassinetto, on the 2nd of May.

The Sardinian account of the latter effort says that the commanding lasted fifteen hours. It commenced at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th, and was kept up during the remainder of the day. The Piedmontese troops had but few wounded, while the Austrians suffered considerably.

The Austrians, on the 3rd, commenced a cannonade from the direction of Valenza, without much effect.

The official bulletin issued at Turin on the 4th, says that the Austrians have increased their force at Veretti, and constructed defensive works. They have also occupied Tronzo, Tobetto, having their vanguard at Tronzo.

They withdrew last night from Tronzo, and yesterday burned seven arches of the bridge over the Sioria at Piacenza. The demolition of the houses erected on the fortifications has also been ordered.

An official telegraph says that England has officially notified the Government that she will not be able to protect commercial vessels in case of a war between Germany and France.

The London Globe's Paris correspondent says that Queen Victoria has sent an autograph letter to the Emperor Napoleon, expressing confidence in his strict honor, and that he would go a step further than he assured her some months since.

Mr. H. St. John Midway is to accompany the head-quarters of the Austrian army as British Commissioner, and Col. Cameron will accompany the Sardinian army in a similar capacity.

An action took place recently at Limerick, Ireland. The military were called out, and fired on the mob, killing and wounding five.

At the Chester Cup race, Leamington won, the American Princess coming in fourth. Twenty-three horses ran.

Sir Moses Montefiore has failed in his mission to the Pope of Rome, on behalf of the child Mortara.

The Prince Archbishop of Vienna has issued a pastoral letter, attacking the armies of Piedmont and the ambition of Napoleon, and the opinion is expressed that war is not the greatest of evils, but is often a glorious work accomplished in the service of duty.

A cannon revolution had taken place in Parma, headed by the troops in favor of the Ducal Government, and the reigning Duchess, at the invitation of the troops, had re-entered Parma.

Gen. Hess will accompany the Emperor of Austria when he assumes the command of the army in Italy. It is reported, disapproves of Gen. Gyal's plan of attack.

A letter from Genoa confirms the report that all the Austrian vessels there had been seized by the Sardinians.

The new French loan of 500,000,000 francs is to be contracted by national subscription. It is to be a 3 per cent. loan, issued at 90 1/2, 30c., or 4 1/2 per cent.

It was reported that the French Government was endeavoring to secure the neutrality of Prussia, and had promised, on their side, not to form an army of observation on the Rhine, and that the war shall be confined to Italy.

The French subjects in Austria had placed themselves under the protection of the Spanish Minister.

An Austrian corps of observation will be posted near Cracow, to watch the Russians, who were gathering on the Austrian frontier.

The troops seem to be tending toward Alexandria, though Novi, ten miles southeast of it, is spoken of as the place where the first great battle will be fought.

A large portion of the French army had been unable to cross the Alps, in consequence of the passes being blocked up with snow. The portion that had succeeded in crossing suffered terribly.

It is reported that Prince Napoleon will command a corps of twenty thousand troops on the shores of the Adriatic.

The Turin correspondent of the London Daily News asserts positively that France is about to mobilize between seven and eight hundred thousand men, and that the French army on the Rhine will amount to five hundred thousand men.

The Emperor's plan is to have a delay of six weeks. It also states that the Emperor has decided that Austrian subjects may continue to remain in France and the French Colonies as long as their conduct furnishes no reason for complaint.

In the Chamber of Deputies of Prussia the Foreign Minister has made a statement of political affairs. He said that Prussia was, without deviation, pursuing the object of watching over the safety of Germany, and looking to the security of national interests and the maintenance of power in Europe; and with these objects the army had been placed ready to march.

At Mark Lane yesterday, Wheat met with a slow sale, at a reduction of from 6 to 8s. per quarter.

There was much buoyancy on the Paris Bourse, owing to the enthusiastic demonstration attending the Emperor's departure, it being considered as a security for the maintenance of order at home.

Marshal Canrobert has issued orders of the day to the troops under his command at Alexandria, concluding in a spirited and warlike tone.

A despatch from Rome has been sent to the Pope's nuncio to leave Florence.

The Austrian war brig Triton had been accidentally blown up, while the commander and the vessel was on shore. The number of dead and missing was estimated at about 80.

Another report says that part of the crew were ashore when the explosion took place, and the number killed was only 4.

LONDON, May 12—Noon.—Consols opened at yesterday's closing price, 91 1/2, and advanced to 92, and are now firm at 91 1/2.

ADDITIONAL ITEMS.

VIENNA, May 6.—The official bulletin of Gen. Gyal reports that, on Wednesday, "we made demonstration near Cambio and Frassinetto. Our side had twenty wounded. Near Cornale we have thrown a bridge over the Po river, and the troops have crossed and fortified the head of the bridge. Yesterday, on our railroad, near Verona, a train filled with troops, came in collision with the ammunition wagons, some of which exploded. 23 of the men were killed, and 124 wounded."

It was reported in all military circles, that the Ministers of Great Britain intended to call out the whole militia, and fifty new battalions to be added to the line.

Lord Cowley reached London on Friday, and had a protracted interview with Lord Malmesbury.

Dr. Dionysius Lardner is dead. He was well known as a scientific writer of great ability,

and equally well known for the manual he compiled of the twenty years ago, by his eloquence to Austria with the wife of Dr. Heavyside.

There was considerable animation in the English naval department. Additional vessels were being placed in commission, and recruiting was going on actively.

The London Times continues to assert its belief in an alliance between France and Russia, and argues that Russia would not have gone so far as she has, without a previous understanding with France.

The Austrians had crossed the Po, near Cambio, and advanced towards Sala. They had also made an unsuccessful effort to cross the same river near Frassinetto, on the 2nd of May.

The Sardinian account of the latter effort says that the commanding lasted fifteen hours. It commenced at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th, and was kept up during the remainder of the day. The Piedmontese troops had but few wounded, while the Austrians suffered considerably.

The Austrians, on the 3rd, commenced a cannonade from the direction of Valenza, without much effect.

The official bulletin issued at Turin on the 4th, says that the Austrians have increased their force at Veretti, and constructed defensive works. They have also occupied Tronzo, Tobetto, having their vanguard at Tronzo.

They withdrew last night from Tronzo, and yesterday burned seven arches of the bridge over the Sioria at Piacenza. The demolition of the houses erected on the fortifications has also been ordered.

An official telegraph says that England has officially notified the Government that she will not be able to protect commercial vessels in case of a war between Germany and France.

The London Globe's Paris correspondent says that Queen Victoria has sent an autograph letter to the Emperor Napoleon, expressing confidence in his strict honor, and that he would go a step further than he assured her some months since.

Mr. H. St. John Midway is to accompany the head-quarters of the Austrian army as British Commissioner, and Col. Cameron will accompany the Sardinian army in a similar capacity.

An action took place recently at Limerick, Ireland. The military were called out, and fired on the mob, killing and wounding five.

At the Chester Cup race, Leamington won, the American Princess coming in fourth. Twenty-three horses ran.

Sir Moses Montefiore has failed in his mission to the Pope of Rome, on behalf of the child Mortara.

The Prince Archbishop of Vienna has issued a pastoral letter, attacking the armies of Piedmont and the ambition of Napoleon, and the opinion is expressed that war is not the greatest of evils, but is often a glorious work accomplished in the service of duty.

A cannon revolution had taken place in Parma, headed by the troops in favor of the Ducal Government, and the reigning Duchess, at the invitation of the troops, had re-entered Parma.

Gen. Hess will accompany the Emperor of Austria when he assumes the command of the army in Italy. It is reported, disapproves of Gen. Gyal's plan of attack.

A letter from Genoa confirms the report that all the Austrian vessels there had been seized by the Sardinians.

The new French loan of 500,000,000 francs is to be contracted by national subscription. It is to be a 3 per cent. loan, issued at 90 1/2, 30c., or 4 1/2 per cent.

It was reported that the French Government was endeavoring to secure the neutrality of Prussia, and had promised, on their side, not to form an army of observation on the Rhine, and that the war shall be confined to Italy.

The French subjects in Austria had placed themselves under the protection of the Spanish Minister.

An Austrian corps of observation will be posted near Cracow, to watch the Russians, who were gathering on the Austrian frontier.

The troops seem to be tending toward Alexandria, though Novi, ten miles southeast of it, is spoken of as the place where the first great battle will be fought.

A large portion of the French army had been unable to cross the Alps, in consequence of the passes being blocked up with snow. The portion that had succeeded in crossing suffered terribly.

It is reported that Prince Napoleon will command a corps of twenty thousand troops on the shores of the Adriatic.

The Turin correspondent of the London Daily News asserts positively that France is about to mobilize between seven and eight hundred thousand men, and that the French army on the Rhine will amount to five hundred thousand men.

The Emperor's plan is to have a delay of six weeks. It also states that the Emperor has decided that Austrian subjects may continue to remain in France and the French Colonies as long as their conduct furnishes no reason for complaint.

In the Chamber of Deputies of Prussia the Foreign Minister has made a statement of political affairs. He said that Prussia was, without deviation, pursuing the object of watching over the safety of Germany, and looking to the security of national interests and the maintenance of power in Europe; and with these objects the army had been placed ready to march.

At Mark Lane yesterday, Wheat met with a slow sale, at a reduction of from 6 to 8s. per quarter.

There was much buoyancy on the Paris Bourse, owing to the enthusiastic demonstration attending the Emperor's departure, it being considered as a security for the maintenance of order at home.

Marshal Canrobert has issued orders of the day to the troops under his command at Alexandria, concluding in a spirited and warlike tone.

A despatch from Rome has been sent to the Pope's nuncio to leave Florence.

The Austrian war brig Triton had been accidentally blown up, while the commander and the vessel was on shore. The number of dead and missing was estimated at about 80.

Another report says that part of the crew were ashore when the explosion took place, and the number killed was only 4.

LONDON, May 12—Noon.—Consols opened at yesterday's closing price, 91 1/2, and advanced to 92, and are now firm at 91 1/2.

ADDITIONAL ITEMS.

VIENNA, May 6.—The official bulletin of Gen. Gyal reports that, on Wednesday, "we made demonstration near Cambio and Frassinetto. Our side had twenty wounded. Near Cornale we have thrown a bridge over the Po river, and the troops have crossed and fortified the head of the bridge. Yesterday, on our railroad, near Verona, a train filled with troops, came in collision with the ammunition wagons, some of which exploded. 23 of the men were killed, and 124 wounded."

It was reported in all military circles, that the Ministers of Great Britain intended to call out the whole militia, and fifty new battalions to be added to the line.

Lord Cowley reached London on Friday, and had a protracted interview with Lord Malmesbury.

Dr. Dionysius Lardner is dead. He was well known as a scientific writer of great ability,

and equally well known for the manual he compiled of the twenty years ago, by his eloquence to Austria with the wife of Dr. Heavyside.

There was considerable animation in the English naval department. Additional vessels were being placed in commission, and recruiting was going on actively.

The London Times continues to assert its belief in an alliance between France and Russia, and argues that Russia would not have gone so far as she has, without a previous understanding with France.

The Austrians had crossed the Po, near Cambio, and advanced towards Sala. They had also made an unsuccessful effort to cross the same river near Frassinetto, on the 2nd of May.

The Sardinian account of the latter effort says that the commanding lasted fifteen hours. It commenced at 4 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th, and was kept up during the remainder of the day. The Piedmontese troops had but few wounded, while the Austrians suffered considerably.

The Austrians, on the 3rd, commenced a cannonade from the direction of Valenza, without much effect.

THE LINNET.

BY JAMES HEDDERWICK.

Tuck, tuck, tuck—from the green and growing
bush,
In, in, in—from the little song bird's throat,
How the silver chains tremble in the sun and south
the breeze,
While from dewy clouds the music of the lark
is heard,
And the hummer in the leaves is heard!

Wyn, wyn, wyn—in the little linnet's song;
Went, went, went—how his pipe trills
In his bill, and on his wings what a joy the linnet
brings,
As over all the sunny earth his merry lay he
sings,
Giving gladness to the music of the air!

In, in, in—from a happy heart unbound;
Long, long, long—from the dawn till close of day;
There is rapture in the sound, as it fills the open
round,
Till the ploughman's careless whistle and the sheep-
herd's pipe are drowned,
And the mower sings unheeded 'mong the hay.

Jug, jug, jug—oh, how sweet the linnet's theme!
Pee, pee, pee—how he waxes all the while;
Does he dream he is in heaven, and is telling now
his dream,
To soothe the heart of simple maiden sighing by
the stream,
Or waiting for her lover at the stile?

Pipe, pipe, pipe—will the linnet never weary?
Bel, bel, bel—how he peering forth his eyes?
The maiden looks and ears are full his heart is
dear,
Yet some may know the linnet's bliss, except his
love so cheery,
With his little household nestled 'mong the
boughs.

MY THREE WOOINGS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER IV.

While I waited at the railway station, a train in the contrary direction to the one for which I was waiting, stopped at the station. There were no passengers to alight or depart, and it did not stop half a minute. I looked vaguely at it as it passed, and then it was again in motion; the hiss and the snort and the grunt of the mighty animal, all a novelty to me, excited my attention; but through it all I heard a sound, a voice, a sudden exclamation, and my name was spoken in a tone I should have recognized anywhere. A face looked out from one of the carriages—it was her face—Hester's! I could not tell if she were altered; I only saw it was herself, and she was gone. The train whirled on, and I stood like one bewildered.

I was roused by the ringing of another bell, and a bustle among the porters; the up-train was arriving. My first impulse had been to start off in the direction in which I had seen Hester going; but the utter impossibility of a clue to where she was going stopped me. Still, I had seen her; she lived; she had recognized me, and this was such unutterable happiness, that I thought nothing of obstacles, and almost forgot my ticket and other necessary preliminaries before I took my seat in the train for London.

I had the carriage to myself till we stopped at the next station. There a betsy was waiting, in which sat a lady so muffled in furs and veils that I could not distinguish her features, for I had not yet become accustomed to the desolate feeling that was unlike to meet any face I knew. A footman and a "little foot page" were busied in bringing luggage; then there entered the carriage where I sat a dapper little French dandy, bearing a load of cloaks and cushions, which she arranged very carefully and daintily on the seat opposite to me, with a smiling "Pardieu, monsieur, à vos ordres." The page then handed her a basket, which might have contained a sleeping infant, so carefully was it passed from one to the other, and so warmly enveloped in a satin wadded coverlet. A sharp, snarling bark betrayed its inmate—a very small white poodle, that appeared to entertain an unquenchable dislike to travelling, however commodiously his journey was arranged. The bell rang, the dog barked, and the little French dandy was in great trouble.

"Tourette, Tourette, mamma wants you directly," screamed a child's voice.

"What can I do with Mouton? He'll jump out if I leave him," said she, in veritable distress.

"I will take care of the dog," I replied.

She scarcely stopped to thank me, but sprang out of the carriage to assist her mistress, whom I expected to find some helpless invalid, and scarcely changed my opinion as I saw the bundle of shawls and veils approach which I had seen in the betsy.

"No time to lose, ma'am; train just starting," exclaimed the guard.

But the lady did not hurry her languid, haughty pace. I thought, however, that it was only in bravado, for she jumped into the carriage lightly enough. She drew back when she saw me, and said:

"Tourette, did I not desire you to get me an empty carriage all to myself?"

"Yes, indeed; but monsieur is so very amiable, and takes such good care of Mouton."

At this moment, my thoughts travelled many years back, and I remembered my first introduction to Justina, and her appreciation of my feline ferret. I saw her again as she sat on the floor coaxing the wounded animal, and her long wild curls dropping to the carpet. I fell into a reverie, and forgot to observe whether the lady of the shawls and cloaks had lifted her veil. A tall, lank girl, about fourteen years old, dressed in very short petticoats and a child's flapped hat, had also taken her place in the carriage by the side of Madame Tourette. This young lady was evidently not of good terms with Mouton, and frequently elicited a snarl by sundry dry pinches, an amusement she seemed greatly to enjoy.

"Look, ma, look how cross he is; how he hates me."

"Little darling," returned the lady, soothing the snarling ferret—"Little beauty! has she got a naughty, cross temper?"

"La, ma! how can you talk so! Sister, indeed!"

"Remember, child, you are quite beyond me—you are so beautiful! I shall be so glad when your new gowns come! Tourette, have you got any cake? Dore, don't say we to be glad, Mouton, now, don't say we to be left in peace?"

It was very strange, but in the tender accents, pronounced in a jargon supposed to be suited to canine comprehension, I seemed to hear a tone that vibrated in the past.

The languid, fine-lady voice in which she addressed her daughter, dissipated the illusion, but it always returned when she talked to Mouton. Surely, surely, I had heard that voice. I became quite anxious that she should raise her veil, and it was not very long before my curiosity was gratified. The thicker veil thrown off, there was a pink bonnet enveloped in a shower, or what I believe, ladies call a full of ripples; under that there were roses, and a full of ripples; under those there was a highly-tinted cheek, then there was a double chin, for the lady was fat, unmistakably, unmanageably fat, in spite of stamachos. For one moment I turned away almost disappointed; I had never seen the face before. My world was a world of strangers—if they were not friends of twenty years' standing, they were nothing to me—I had no acquaintances.

I was soon deep in the past, my thoughts following Hester Dering, whom I had so distinctly recognized, and was determined some way or other to trace. Again I was aroused by the tone of the fat lady coaxing her dog—she was looking my way, too, and smiling. Her teeth were white and even; she really was a very fine woman, especially when the knot of her pink bonnet-ribbon rather concealed the double chin. That smile again—the cheek puckered into certain well-known dimples. Yes, I had recognized her! It was the May-rose, very full blown, indeed; and the pale stripling girl at her side was her daughter. How strange it all seemed! She had not recognized me, and I resolved not to make myself known, unless she discovered me herself. I had the presentation, therefore, to disguise my voice—that sure and changeless token of identity, and began by making friends with Mouton, who received my advances rather sulkily, and eyed me suspiciously, as though detecting something amiss in my sudden kindness. Sundry civilities then passed as to the putting up or letting down of windows, the interchange of French and the Illustrated News, Fair Rosamond was reprimanded for indulging in a loud aside to Tourette as to my personal appearance; my brown face and gray hair I heard discussed.

"Rosamond, Rosamond, be quiet. Oh, what a blessing it will be when your governess comes. Won't it, Mouton?"

Then turning to me:

"It is such a difficult age to manage; you would hardly believe how tall she is of her age, and how young she is!"

"I should hardly believe her more than six years old, to look at her mother," said I.

"Oh, you flatter me; she is only just eleven—such a May-pole! Do you know this part of the country?" she continued, quite graciously.

"That large house on the hill is Sir Lindsay Wolsey's, a cousin of Sir William Coddleton's. Oh, I forgot—with a languid smile—"you do not know me—Lady Coddleton!" and she gave a sort of self-introductory bend. I bowed, and felt I ought to say something; but as I was not prepared with a fictitious name, I said something about honor and pleasure, and then, rather opens to nothing, asked if she knew whether Miss Warner's place was in this part of the country.

"Oh," said she, "do you know her? She is a neighbor of mine, and I see a great deal of her in the country. You know one must patronize one's country neighbors."

I looked at the portly Lady Coddleton, not at the May-rose, and smiled internally at the idea of her patronizing Justina Warner; in fact, I felt rather angry at her presumption.

"When I knew Miss Warner," said I, "she did not require much patronizing."

"Oh, they say she was quite gay when she was young; but ever since I have known her, she is just a mere humdrum—no style, no fashion about her. You never saw such bonnets as she wears. And then meets nobody at her house but missionaries, and low-church preachers, and district-visiting old maids, and converted Jews, and that kind of people; nobody ever saw before, or ever wished to see again; that odious Mr. Smalley, too!"

"Ha!" said I.

Lady Coddleton stopped, and seemed suddenly to recollect that I was a stranger; but once in the talking vein, it was not difficult to set her off again.

"Perhaps you are evangelical," she said, "and if so, of course you have heard Mr. Smalley."

"No," said I, "no; I have only heard his name."

"Of course, I dare say, you have heard he is going to be married to Miss Warner?"

"Married!" exclaimed I, quite startled out of my prudence. "I thought—I fancied he was a married man."

"Is he indeed? You don't say so?" said the lady, with the eager satisfaction of a gossip who has just got a new bit of scandal. "Well, I always thought there was something odd and unaccountable about him; and I am quite sure he wears a wig. But I think, as a friend, somebody ought to tell Miss Warner."

"Oh, pray don't think," said I—"don't imagine I know anything about it, or about him. But why should Miss Warner be told?"

"Oh, dear, I thought you knew that it is said she is going to be married to him. Nobody ever knew he was married before. Did dey, Mouton, little darling!"

She always softened off the edge of her speeches by a tender appeal to Mouton. I was rather astounded by what I heard, and had a very pardonable curiosity to hear more; but I was afraid of any direct questions, lest I should be interrogated in my turn. Miss Rosamond came to my aid.

"La! ma, it is not Mr. Smalley at all that's

to marry Miss Warner. Don't you know it's the new parson?"

"Parson! Rosamond, who taught you such a vulgar expression, and what should such a child as you know about it? Mouton is quite shocked at you."

"Pray, let us have Miss Rosamond's news, however," said I.

"No, I won't tell you now," said the precocious young lady, "though I do know a great deal more. Nurse Andrews told me; and you know, ma, her husband is Miss Warner's coachman."

"So he is," said Lady Coddleton, with an air of conviction. "Well, dear child?"

"Why, old Mr. Fallowell has got a new curate at Stoke Leigh. Such a nice young man, Nurse Andrews says he is; only he likes to be called a priest, and not a curate; and he has church ever so many times a day; and he won't dine out on a Friday; and Miss Warner wanted to convert him—I don't know what for, nor what to; and so Mr. Howard de Lacy, that's his name—such a pretty name, is not it?—Mr. Howard de Lacy has quite cut out Mr. Smalley—and John Andrews is always going up to the parsonage with notes and game, and sometimes little baskets of fruit and flowers; and John Andrews thinks—"

The gossiping came to a sudden end by the stopping of the train. I was so anxious to avoid recognition that, after a very hasty offer of my services, which I scarcely waited to have accepted or declined, I quitted the carriage, feeling a strange sensation of relief in thus leaving the woman who had been the object of my early, and, as I then thought, my unchanging love. There was something humiliating in feeling myself, and seeing her, so altered. The change in her, the loss of the whole identity so complete—nothing left even to interest me. Simplicity and more prettiness, had these been, then, the only charms she had? Now, she was an empty, vain, and vulgar woman. Oh, May-rose, would I had not seen thee again, thus overblown, thus directed of all bloom. These thoughts recurred, with others not less gloomy, as I sat at my solitary dinner at the hotel. The account I had heard of Justina was not pleasant, but somehow I was sensible of a certain feeling of relief as I recalled it. One thing was certain—her engagement, if such she considered it, with me as yet unknown, and the vision I had seen of my beloved Hester made me long to be free again. I was rather annoyed at Lady Coddleton not having recognized me—was I then grown such an old fellow, such

"Grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous kind of yore."

that I was not to be known again? I was not five-and-forty yet, but then the climate—the climate. A new idea came to me, which I was resolved to work out. I almost laughed aloud as it presented itself in various bearings, and then my constitutional shyness, which seemed to have returned upon me with almost boyish force, or rather weakness, made me look upon it with dismay. My idea was to act upon the change in my appearance made by fifteen years' sojourn in India, and to present myself, like a lover in a ruse, to Justina Warner as some other personage than myself. The difficulty was in the personage I should represent. After various cogitations, I resolved on a very matter of fact course, which was to write a letter to Miss Warner, introducing an imaginary friend of my own, and pleading indisposability to excuse my own delay in visiting her at Whitehorse.

All was satisfactorily arranged—"Miss Warner would be delighted to receive any friend of mine," and I had fixed the day for my visit.

Behold me, then, rather nervous and very shy, disdaining a black patch, and trusting to my Indian bronzing for disguise, following the name of Mr. John Wood into the drawing-room of Justina's house. There was a sound of many voices, and it was a relief to me to see quite a large party assembled. I gave my name to the servant, and a lady at the further end of the room rose and advanced to meet me. Justina Warner, was it indeed herself? The jetty and luxuriant hair which had been her chief characteristic was closely confined under a cap of almost quaker-like plainness—there was a sharp angular look in her whole figure, and something alarmingly decided in her countenance. At the time I speak of, the fashion of female attire was full and flowing, even beyond the requirements of the strictly graceful—flounces, furbelows, and hanging sleeves were the order of the day; this made the absence of all such ornament the more conspicuous in Justina's appearance. She wore a black or dark silk dress, clinging close to her thin, spare figure, which made her look like a very elderly charity girl.

She advanced to meet me, and as she spoke, her voice reminded me so strongly of the past, that I was instantly alive to the necessity of disguising my own. There was one sudden, quick glance at my face, but it subsided into a blank coldness. I was provided with an ear-trumpet, and I wore spectacles. I could have wished there had been more feeling in the tone with which she shouted to me her inquiries after my health, and asked when she should see me at Whitehorse. Seeing she did not the least recognize me, I apologized for my own absence with greatunction, and gaining courage to look round, I discovered in one of the party Lady Coddleton. This considerably complicated the "situation;" but a sense of amusement came to my relief, and helped to free me from embarrassment.

Lady Coddleton bowed and smiled, and I took refuge by her side. Justina said:

"Oh, you know my good neighbor, Lady Coddleton, Mr. Wood—will you take her in to dinner?"

"Of course, I could do no less than bow acquaintance; and found myself with the overblown May-rose by my side at the dinner-table, rather embarrassed by having to keep up my character of deafness, as she only required a listener, and I was afraid to trust my voice more than I could help, fearing it might be recognized.

Justina took the head of the table, and at her right hand was a tall, thin, young man, who had handed her in. His features were finely formed, and his countenance pleasing, though somewhat melancholy. The peculiar

character of his dress made me immediately recognize him as the "old" young clergyman who liked to be called a priest.

"Mr. Smalley is out on foot, indeed," said Lady Coddleton to me confidentially. "I do wonder which will say grace."

I affected not to hear this remark, but bowed in polite defiance.

I was intently watching Justina, and observed a tall, stout, florid-faced man, with very black hair, whom I took for the butler, edging behind her chair. She looked annoyed and discontented, and turned, as I thought, to give him some particular order about doing the champagne. His reply was in a low tone; and with an air of defiance and humility, he laid his hand on his waistcoat, and raised his eyes to the ceiling, all of which I thought was an old pantomime for a butler; but still more was I surprised to see him take the vacant seat at the bottom of the table, opposite to Justina, looking round with an air of meek triumph as he did so, and waving his hand in a patronizing way to the tall, thin man at Miss Warner's right, who forthwith said grace, and all sat down to table.

"Well, this is something new!" said my inquisitive neighbor. "Nobody ever sat there but the General; and now there is Mr. Smalley sitting at the bottom of the table, and Mr. Howard de Lacy at the top. Which is it to be, I wonder? How odd my meeting you in the train! But you have not asked after Mouton—poor, dear, little Mouton. I have brought him here with me. We stay till next week. I have brought the child, too, poor, dear Miss Warner is always so kind in asking her and her governess, too."

"Soup?"

"No, thank you. You see I can talk while you eat your soup," and thus she ran on, making me almost wish myself deaf in reality.

"Lady Coddleton," said Mr. Smalley, blandly, from the end of the table, "might I have the honor, the happiness of a glass of wine with you? Which do you take? Champagne?—not that I should presume to dictate."

As he said this, he bowed over the table, and raised his eyes to hers in a very insinuating manner. I thought I saw a quick glance towards Miss Warner, as if to watch the effect on her; but she was earnestly engaged in talking to Mr. Howard de Lacy, and the coquetry of Mr. Smalley failed in its effect. Lady Coddleton bowed languidly, and preferred champagne. Still doubting himself over the table, Mr. Smalley continued, raising the whites of his great round eyes to hers:

"May I presume to 'ope you are well taken care of? Is there nothing I can assist your ladyship to? In all humility and sincerity, might I solicit an introduction to your agreeable neighbor?"

Lady Coddleton did not look quite so disgusted at this address as I expected she would. Though a falling-star, Mr. Smalley had been a star, so she introduced me to him, which I affected not to hear. I saw him bowing to empty space, while I pretended to be examining the dish opposite to me.

"Mr. Smalley wishes to be introduced to you, Mr. Wood," said Lady Coddleton, again raising her voice.

I bowed this time in reply; and Mr. Smalley sat behind his hand to Lady Coddleton:

"Is your friend serious?"

She elevated her pencilled eyebrows.

"I mean," he continued, "is he a Christian?"

"Very fortunately, he is deaf," said Justina Warner from the top of the table, "or he might not approve such a question, made in such a public manner."

The eyes were now thrown beseechingly at Justina.

"In all humility," he began, "I beg pardon, if I have offended; but I 'oped Miss Warner would have felt and sympathized with my anxiety on meeting a stranger pilgrim in the land, to ask, in all sincerity, whether he is bound—whether he is a brand—whether he is a sheep or a goat."

Justina rather sharply answered:

"There is a time for all things, Mr. Smalley."

And I could not help remembering a time when she would have laughed outright at such a speech.

Nothing very interesting occurred during dinner: Mr. Howard de Lacy scarcely spoke above a whisper with Justina. When the ladies retired, Mr. Smalley took a vacant seat next me, providing himself with two dishes of candied fruits within reach, and dipping himself to bumpers every time the bottle passed.

I found De Lacy frank, though timid; intelligent, though with strong prejudices. He interested me very much; and the more so, as I had been prepared for a mere priestly coxcomb—a species of vanity especially abhorrent to me—because its meanness and littleness appeared doubly despicable while sheltered under a sanctuary that is in itself inviolable.

We were the first to obey the summons to the drawing-room, and continued in conversation as we entered. He grew abstracted, however, and I saw him color as he glanced to where Justina sat. "That is all right," I thought. "I will try and find out if he cares for herself or her fortune."

Seated at a round table, a fair assemblage of pink cheeks and white muslins, were busily engaged in sewing and making a variety of coarse garments for poor people; nor these only, but an infinite choice of what are called fancy articles for a bazaar. Not that I found this out by intuition, for I was considerably puzzled as to what was the possible object of their employment—the strange-shaped pieces of red cloth I saw cut and stitched, and the small dolls in very unpretentious noddity.

Then the confusion of tongues that prevailed, the constant appeals to Miss Warner. "Oh, Miss Warner, where shall I find anything to make a sack for my chimney-sweep? He is such a lovely chimney-sweep!" "Three flannel petticoats and six pen-wipers, a baby's cap, and a spectacle-wiper; is that enough for one lot?"

And the language: "we'll make them for plenty for the bouquets; half-a-crown apiece—shall we, Miss Warner? and take no change?" Justina sat a little apart, and was evidently bored. I noticed all this as we entered the first drawing-room, which opened

into the one in which they sat, before our entrance was perceived. De Lacy was standing irresolute, not venturing to approach Justina, when the further door opened, and a voice was heard:

"Ah, my young friends, how lovely is your diligence in the cause of charity! Oh that the worldly-minded and the scoffers would but consider and bring it home to their own businesses!"

"How doth the little busy bee?"

At this period of the discourse, Justina rose suddenly, and walked towards the place where Mr. De Lacy and I stood—

"I dare say," said she, somewhat abruptly to me, "you have no such things as fancy-fairs in India, and I think our mutual friend told me you had been with him in India."

I felt myself color as I said:

"Yes; we were very much together. Our Indian ladies are much too indolent and languid for anything of the sort. To be busy, is quite an unknown word with them."

"Be kind enough," she continued, "to tell me something real and practical as to the state of their minds. I have had it in contemplation to raise funds and send out missionaries among the ladies of Calcutta."

A glass-door leading to the lawn stood open, and Justina led the way into the garden, leaving her young fancy-workers to themselves and their own counsel.

"But how would you choose your envoys or missionaries, that they should be different from those of the established church, and what authority would they bear among a class much the same as your own in England?" said De Lacy, mildly interposing. He had joined us as we passed out.

"Ah, yes," said she, "it would be difficult to choose them. Why should they not be women?"

He laughed outright. It was a hearty laugh, without the least tincture of a sneer, and I liked him for it. The infection caught me, and I laughed too.

"What! you, too, and my notion merely ridiculous," said Justina, but not angrily.

"Forgive me," said I; "but there is something to me, an old Indian, irresistibly ridiculous in your charitable notion of sending out a freight of governesses for the fashionable ladies at Calcutta. Why not send your missionaries to Paris or Rome, or—charity begins at home—to London or Brighton, or still nearer home?"

I could not resist glancing towards the end of the room, where, through the open window, might be seen Lady Coddleton reclining on an ottoman, dividing her conversation between Mouton and an anti-fancy-fair lady, on a visit to the neighborhood.

Justina answered my glance by saying:

"You are right; and it is curious enough that she has got just such a missionary as she wants, if she did but know it."

"Mr. Smalley?" said I, glancing towards that gentleman, who was still at the bazaar-table, piously flirting with the silken curls and white muslins.

Justina's brow darkened for a moment, but the shade gave place to one of those gleams of irresistible amusement, that brought her back to me completely, as in days long past. Miss Rose, or, as her mother called her, Rosamond Coddleton, had joined the group at the table, and, at this moment, had selected a chimney-sweep doll, which she held up, and made gesticulate in ridiculous imitation of that reverend gentleman's action.

Justina held up her finger, and called Rosamond to her, who came, looking very disconcerted, till she detected Miss Warner's involuntary smile.

"No," Justina replied to me, "not Mr. Smalley, but—Rose, my dear, where is Miss Marston to-night?"

"O, dear, I wish you would ask her to come down, dear Miss Warner. She stays moping up stairs, and she won't come down now there's company. I declare I'll go up stairs again, if she won't, and stay there."

"Now," continued Justina to us, "this young woman, this Miss Marston, is just a specimen of—"

"Woman's mission," ventured Mr. De Lacy.

"No, no! I will not be laughed out of my notion this time. Besides, Miss Marston is perfect."

"What a dreadful woman she must be!" said I. "She would never do in India."

"Now, I am quite determined to introduce her to you," said Justina; you shall see I am in earnest."

"Call Miss Marston a dreadful woman!" exclaimed Rosamond indignantly.

"Oh, but," said I, "I have such a horror of governesses. I always think of my sister in her black-board."

Justina suddenly, for she was quick in all her movements, left the lawn, and entered the house with Rosamond.

De Lacy looked at me searchingly; then said, with a strong effort:

"Forgive me, if I presume too much on our short acquaintance; but there is a question I must ask you: you are the friend of—"

Tell me, is it true—that is, if it is not a matter of confidence—is it true that Miss Warner is engaged to your friend?"

"I will answer you candidly," said I. "A sort of engagement was made while my friend was in India; it rests with Justina Warner to cancel that engagement if—if she has repented it, as one of her hasty decisions. Will you be equally candid with me? You are interested in the question. Do you think, can you imagine, is it Miss Warner's wish to cancel that engagement?"

He blushed through his paleness like a school-girl.

"Forgive my plainness," I continued, "but I have strong reasons for urging a decided course. Will you tell me, then, plainly, if Miss Warner were free, would you propose to her yourself?"

He stepped back, quite in alarm.

"Myself! Oh, I should never venture. I never could bear her refusal and the scorn with which she might overwhelm me—me, a poor younger brother, she would think, seeking to marry an heiress. I have sometimes ventured to wish she were poor."

"But have you never tried to ascertain—

have you no notion how she stands affected towards you?"

"No—no, no—not the least."

Yet I saw his pale face brighten up, and a sort of hopeful gleam flit across it, which told another tale.

"And suppose I should try to ascertain it for you?"

He looked at me with doubtful wonder, and then said calmly, but resolutely:

"No; you have surprised from me a secret which I never meant to betray—you, a stranger. I do not deny it, I love Justina Warner more deeply than she is the least aware of. She treats me as a friend; she has never seen in me a pretender to her hand; if she did, I might forget that position which is now so dear to me. I love Justina Warner, but she shall never know it."

"At least not through any other than your self," said I, turning round, for there stood Justina Warner just behind us.

De Lacy clasped his hands over his eyes, and looked as if he longed to make one bolt over the garden-wall. Justina looked disconcerted, but not displeased; no, I am certain she was not displeased; and though the flush of animation and joy brought back herself in her young days to my fancy, yet not even my vanity could take umbrage. She was turning to go, but I caught her hand.

"Let me take the privilege of an old friend," I said, "a very old friend."

There was the same quick look at my face.

"It is!—it must be! How could I be so blind! Gerald! what a silly trick you have played me! I never will forgive you!"

"Not quite so silly, either," I replied, still retaining her hand; "I have made great discoveries by it. I have found out that I am fifteen years older; that such as I am now, you only consider yourself bound to me in honor, and frankly and freely and truly give you back your promise."

"What! you will not have me?" said she, and looked out of her dark eyes with the merry gipsy smile of the old days. She would have turned away before I could answer, to join the rest of the party.

What had become of poor Howard de Lacy I know not, but I found myself alone with Justina Warner. She said, in her old, quick manner, and with a sort of *saunterie* that rather alarmed me:

"And so you have come down in this melodramatic fashion to renounce me forever?"

"Not quite," replied I, laughing. "I am quite ready to fulfil our engagement, if—if you do me the honor to insist on preferring a battered, scorched, gray-haired old Indian, to any one else in the world."

She glanced at me askance, with eyes that looked very mischievous, in spite of the prim cap, to see if I was in earnest, then she turned her head away.

"Forgive me, dear Justina," I continued, "and bear my justification. Since that decision, by which we both agreed to abide, I have ascertained the existence of one of the one—in short, the only woman—the I mean Hester Dering."

"Thank you!" said Justina, with the little reserved manner that belonged to the prim cap, "for that balm to my vanity. I thought perhaps you had gone distraught by a vision of your first love, Rose May, who, I dare say, exalts somewhere, too."

"Do you not know, then," exclaimed I, "who Rose May is? And she, too, passes me as a stranger—it is truly heart-rending."

All this time I was thinking of Hester's exclamation—she had known me at once. Just at this moment, there loomed upon us, at the end of the garden-walk, capacious Lady Coddleton, who had condescended to place the tips of her fingers on the arm of Mr. Smalley, who was carrying Mouton on the other.

"There!" said I, "can you conceive it possible that was once my May-Rose! Oh, world! oh, life! oh, time!"

Justina was almost too astonished to reply at first; then she said:

"Is it possible, Gerald! And you, too, whom I did not know, and myself—should you not have known me?"

"Oh, yes," said I, "anywhere. Take off that odious cap, and you will look just like yourself. As you have been talking to me now, I quite wondered I had thought you altered at first. It is the mind that never alters, and now you are your own natural self. You have quite forgiven me, have you not, Justina? And if I may venture any advice—But here comes poor De Lacy again. He will perhaps advise you better than I can."

"He is so young!"

"And yet you, with that buoyant, youthful character, which he so well understands, are younger still. I believe he sincerely loves you; but he is poor, nobis-minded and sensitive; he shrinks from the idea of seeking you for your fortune."

I did not wait for her reply, but turned down another alley, and left the two together. I felt happy and relieved that I was free, and my task of tracing Hester Dering was now, I thought, easy; though, from the failure of all former efforts, I was at a loss how to commence my search. Pondering on this, I wandered on still in the garden alone, till a bell, ringing from the house, made me turn my steps mechanically that way. A voice near me roused me from my dreams; it was that of Rose Coddleton.

"There, now, Miss Marston, there's the tea-bell; and do pray come into the drawing-room as soon as we have taken off our bonnets. I shall go in now and get my hair done smooth. I wish ma would let me have it turned up. I am sure I am much too old for plaits, only ma likes me to look quite a child, I know."

The young lady darted off, jumping over a flower-bed, and scrambling through the shrubs, leaving her governess to follow; and I could not avoid meeting her as she walked leisurely along the narrow path of the shrubbery. We were close to each other before I looked up to observe her, and there—was it truth? Was it a dream, or the image that had so strangely filled my mind? It was really and truly Hester Dering. She stood not one moment irresolute; her recognition of me was as instantaneous as my own of her; then, with a smothered cry, she fell into my arms, and I clasped her close to my heart, as if I feared to lose her again.

The tea-bell had rung in vain, and the closing evening alone reminded us to return to the House.

Hester had passed through a life of sorrow and suffering since we had parted. I must only have briefly said what had led her to her present position.

Her mother had died and her father married again, foolishly, a young and frivolous wife. Her own marriage seemed the only chance of escape from a miserable home; but she refused all solicitations on this point, and by so doing, she entirely offended her father, that he made no opposition to her residing with the aunt (for her uncle was dead), with whom she had been travelling that memorable summer. With her aunt she passed some tranquil years, till she was summoned to attend her father's deathbed. He died of apoplexy, and never spoke after she arrived. His affairs proved to be in the greatest disorder, and after the settlement made upon the widow, all that remained for Hester was a mere pittance.

Most unhappily, too, the kind aunt, who had been more than a mother to Hester, suffered as well as herself from the ruin of Mr. Dering, all her fortune, and her husband's death, having been placed in his hands for investment. Thus reduced in circumstances, Hester had again to decline the renewed address of a very distinguished admirer; but she would not leave her aunt, whose health was in a very declining state; and, removing to London, that wilderness where they might be the most unknown, Hester added to their small means of subsistence by selling her paintings and teaching music.

At last her aunt died; and till then she had never lost courage, nor felt entirely alone. She did not tell me—perhaps she has not told me yet—all she suffered at this time; sickness, poverty, and a dependency that made her unable to use the means that had before supported them both. They had changed their name with their fallen circumstances; and it was through the means of one of her musical pupils that Hester at last obtained a place as governess with Lady Coddleton.

"And so, you knew me directly, Hester," said I, "in spite of my brown face and gray hair; and neither of the others did. And you, I don't see that you are the least altered, though you have had a whole life of suffering to wear you down, while they have never had a care nor a trouble but of their own making. How is this?"

"Because, I suppose, we know each other by the soul, which 'the others,' as you call them, never did. That never alters, dear friend, that never grows old."

Hester and I were soon after married, and afterwards spent some time abroad. I had desired Williamson to write to me at Florence if any very desirable purchase of "house and land" should come to his knowledge. He presently wrote accordingly, to tell me that Miss Warner's place, Whitethorn, was to be sold, and, in his opinion, would just suit me.

I hurried to Hester with the letter, in which there was not a word of Justin, nor any reason given for the sale of her property. I then looked vaguely through the English newspapers. They were full of tidings of fearful interest, for it was at the height of the Crimean war—that sudden reality of horror which brought such bitter experiences of sorrow, privation, disease, suffering, and "sundry kinds of death," into a class in England with whom all this had before been as mere words. I had but few friends for whom to feel a personal anxiety, and Hester took the paper from my hands to look for marriages. An exclamation of amused surprise escaped her.

"Oh, Gerald! guess who is married?"

"Justin Warner, of course."

"Oh, you forget that marriage was fixed for the week after we left England. Guess again."

"No—tell me."

"Well, then, Lady Coddleton to the Rev. Samuel Smalley."

I ought not to have been surprised, but somehow the identity of Lady Coddleton with Rose May seemed suddenly across me, and I felt almost personally insulted that she had made so foolish a choice; I felt literally ashamed of her and of my successor. Hester was lenient in her judgment, but could not discuss the subject without laughing.

We had returned to London, and almost the first visit we received at our hotel in Albemarle Street was from Howard de Lacy. He was duly preceded by his card, or I should scarcely have recognized him, so worn he looked, so altered, and there was an ominous hectic in his hollow cheeks. I felt sure there was something wrong, something amiss; yet, with that strange reserve only comprehensible between two shy Englishmen, we neither of us pronounced the name of Justin.

Hester came suddenly in upon us, and at once exclaimed:

"But Justin, why is she not with you? Is she well? Tell me where I shall find her?"

It was some minutes before he replied—the two red spots on his cheeks grew redder, and then quite pale.

"Miss Warner," said he, "is in the Crimea."

"In the Crimea!" repeated I.

"Not married!" exclaimed my wife.

He wrung my hand, and was quite unable to speak. At last he said:

"Gerald, she is a noble creature! I am not worthy of her, and ought not to complain. As you have been abroad, and have not perhaps seen the newspapers, it must come on you strangely enough: and the name of Florence Nightingale would tell you nothing. Her story seems, indeed, to belong to the age of saints and martyrs, and to give a touch of beauty and dignity to ours, a glory of courage and devotedness. But of Justin—do not ask me to tell you the details of how it all came about. She is one of the hospital nurses at Scutari."

"But, after all," I said, "your engagement continues? She will return; and then—"

He looked more disconsolate than ever.

"No," said he; "all is over between us. The letters she has written to me since her departure have dissolved our engagement."

I was struck with his pertinacity in refusing every hope drawn from suggestions of caprice or instability in his admired Justin. He seemed determined to think her resolution irrevocable, and was so engrossed with the idea of

her sacrifice of himself, that he scarcely wished to see her come down from the pedestal where he had placed her.

"Poor De Lacy," said I, as he closed the door; "he will not live long; he looks as if he were going into a decline."

"I don't think so," said Hester, and she looked as incredulously hard as Barbara Allyn herself; "at least, not for the love of Justin Warner."

Two years after this, when Hester and I were quietly settled in our English home, Mr. and Mrs. Howard de Lacy came to pay us a visit of a "person's week." Mrs. Howard de Lacy was very fair, very girlish, with the clear, transparent freshness and mild eyes of one of Francis's Madonnas. She was a distant cousin of her husband's, and they were so much alike that perhaps it was the only reason they had never before appreciated each other. Howard still colored at the name of Justin Warner—a name never changed. She has kept a resolution at last!

She returned from her pilgrimage among the last of the brave lady-nurses, "a sadder and a wiser" woman, but a much happier one. This time, it had not been the mere spirit of enthusiasm—a simply benevolent amusement; it had been reality; charity, baptised in the fiery chalice of self-sacrifice.

Justin Warner has found at length her vocation, and a worthy aim for her active energies. Her charities are not confined to one department—she helps the poor, teaches the young, and cures the sick. Truth, however, compels me to state that here is not such a complete reformation from all eccentricity and whim as I should feel proud to present my readers as a moral at the conclusion of this story. There are no such sudden transformations in real life. Yet few acquainted with Justin Warner as she is, would wish her different from herself. You would never even wish her younger—the handsome, cheery, matronly spinster! No husband invented on purpose could possibly have made her happier than she is. She has succeeded to a noble fortune, on the death of the General, and she has learned the lesson how to use it nobly, for she has studied the wants of others.

We are all getting far into the "middle ages" now, and often talk of these bygone days over Christmas fires and on summer holidays. We also talk of future ones; and there is a marriage on the tapis between my second daughter, Justin's godchild, and Howard de Lacy's eldest son. I did not half like it at first, but it was Miss Warner who insisted on gaining my consent.

AUTHORS OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

"No pent up Utes contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours."

J. M. SWELL—*Epilogue to Cato*.

"And thereby hangs a tale."

SHAKESPEARE—*As You Like It*.

"And man the hermit, sighed till woman smiled."

CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope*.

"And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

POPE—*Essay on Criticism*.

"He whistled as he went for want of thought."

DRYDEN—*Cymon and Iphigenia*.

"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

POPE—*Satires*. To Mr. Fortescue.

"Woman—last at the cross, and earliest at the grave."

E. B. BARRETT—*Woman: A Poem*.

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war."

NAT. LEE—*Play of Alexander the Great*.

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast."

CONGREVE—*The Mourning Bride*.

"Man wants but little here below."

GOLDSMITH—*Edwin and Angelina*.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

POPE—*Moral Essay*.

"Throw physic to the dogs."

SHAKESPEARE—*Macbeth*.

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?"

Id.

"My way of life is fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf."

Id.

"I'll make assurance doubly sure."

Id.

"Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won."

GOLDSMITH—*Deserted Village*.

"Domestic happiness, the only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the fall."

COWPER—*The Task*.

"For winter lingering chills the lap of May."

GOLDSMITH—*The Traveller*.

"Let who may make the laws of a people, allow me to write their ballads, and I'll guide them to my will."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

"Rolled darkling down the torrent of his fate."

DR. JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes*.

"The man forget not, though in rags he lies,
And know the mortal through a crown's disguise."

AKENSIDE—*Epistle to Cato*.

"Whatever is, is right."

POPE—*Essay on Man*.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Id.

"Man never is, but always to be, blest."

Id.

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Id.

"And to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

GOLDSMITH—*Retaliation*.

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage."

JOHNSON—*Vanity of Human Wishes*.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

POPE—*Essay on Criticism*.

"And even his fallings leant to virtue's side."

GOLDSMITH—*The Deserted Village*.

"Oh woe that Pow'r the gift gives us
To see ourselves as others see us."

BURNS.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

SHAKESPEARE—*Hamlet*.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way."

BISHOP BERKELEY.

"You can't even tell who made the monkey, for all you pretend to know so much," said an impatient top to a clergyman, who had reproved him for profanity.

"Yes, I can," said the clergyman. "Well, then, who did make the monkey?" "He who made you."

"Lose—No cat has two tails? Granted. Then, a cat has one tail more than no cat? True. Well, then, we have proved that a cat has three tails!"

VENETIANS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY G. P. R. JAMES.

THE FELD MARSHALL.

There is a man with snowy hair,
And with a mild gray eye,
Of gentle mien, and person spare,
And look both kind and high.
It is the old Feld Marshall,
The gallant old Feld Marshall,
The man of many fights.

He hears the cannon's rumbling hoarse,
With sorrow, mixed with joy,
As ready now to mount his horse,
As when he was a boy.
So feels the old Feld Marshall,
The gallant, good Feld Marshall,
The man of many fights.

Honor to him is sure to come,
Where'er the field is fought;
But with the beating of that drum
Sad memories are brought
Unto the old Feld Marshall,
The kind-hearted Feld Marshall,
The man of many fights.

He sees the peasant's hut aflame,
He sees in fancy more,
Pillage and death, and blood and shame,
As he has seen before.
It grieves the old Feld Marshall,
The generous, just Feld Marshall,
The man of many fights.

"We seek not war," his peace he urges,
The ancient warrior cries;
"But shame on him who brings the scourge,
And shame on him who flies."
So says the old Feld Marshall,
The fearless old Feld Marshall,
The man of many fights.

THE PILOT-FISH.

It was in the month of May, 1798, that the ship which bore the celebrated French scologist, M. Geoffroy, lying becalmed between Cape Bon and the Island of Malta, when the crew of the passengers was dispirited by the approach of a shark. He was preceded by two pilot-fishes that directed their course towards the ship's stern, which they suspected twice, swimming from one end to the other. Not finding anything, they for a time departed. The shark, it is asserted, never lost sight of the pilots, and he seems to have followed them as if he had been an iron shark, and they had been magnets. The sailors threw overboard a large hook baited with pork. The three, observing the splash of the bait, stopped. The two pilots advanced, as if to examine the cause. While they were gone, the shark was seen playing upon the surface of the level sea, now diving, now reappearing in the same place. When the pilots discovered the pork, they swam swiftly back to the shark, took the bait, and all three made toward the ship. The shark did not seem to discover the bait till it was pointed out to him by the pilots, when he made a rush at it, he hooked and hoisted on board. Here the pilots appear to have led their friend to his death. The next witness, a captain in the royal navy, gives the leaders credit for greater sagacity. Captain Richards, while on the Mediterranean station, saw following the ship a shark attracted probably by a corpse which had been committed to the deep. The day was fine. A shark-hook baited with pork was thrown out. The shark, attended by four pilot-fishes, repeatedly approached the bait. Whenever he did so one of the pilots was distinctly seen from the taffrail to run his snout against the shark's head, as if to turn it away.

After some further play, the shark swam on in the wake of the vessel, his dorsal fin being long distinctly above water. When, however, he had gone a considerable distance, he made a sudden turn, darted after the ship, and, before the pilots could overtake him, snapped at the bait and was fast. In hoisting him up, one of the pilots was observed clinging to his side until he was half out of the water, then it fell off. All the pilot-fishes then swam about a while, as if in search of their friend, with every appearance of anxiety and distress; they then darted suddenly down into the depths of the sea. Dr. Mayen deposes that he saw no less than three instances in which the shark was led by the pilot-fish. When the former neared the ship, the pilot swam close to his snout, or near his pectoral fins. Sometimes the pilot-fish darted rapidly forwards and sideways, as if looking for something, and constantly went back to the shark. When the latter was within twenty paces from the ship, a piece of bacon fastened to a great hook was thrown overboard. Quick as lightning, the pilot-fish darted up, smelt at the bait, and instantly went back again to the shark, swimming many times round his snout, and splashing, as if to give him exact information as to the bacon. The shark then put himself in motion, the pilot showing him the way, and in a moment was fast to the hook.

"NAPOLEON'S THUNDER."—It is said that Meyerbeer, in his new opera, produces his effect of thunder by means of grape-shot being continually rolled backwards and forwards. It strikes us that Louis Napoleon produces his thunder much in the same way. He is continually rolling from one point to another large quantities of ammunition, which make a terrific noise, and frighten people into the belief that there is going to be a fearful storm. Napoleon has had enough of this thundering nuisance, and we wish that Master Louis, if he really intends being quiet, would leave his grape-shot and cannon-balls alone. Such materials may suit the purpose of a composer, like Meyerbeer, but are dangerous instruments in the hands of such a celebrated discomfiter as the Emperor of the French.—*London Punch*.

"Reformers are always dinging away at the same old story. Precisely. It is just what the old tree says to the axe: 'Don't keep hitting in the same place.' But the axe says to the tree, 'How else shall I get you down?'"—*G. W. Curtis*.

A French writer mentions as a proof of Shakespeare's attention to particulars, his allusion to the climate of Scotland, in the words, "Hail, hail, all hail!"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

BOOK THE FIRST. RECALLED TO LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

THE WINE-SHOP.

A large cask of wine had been dropped and broken, in the street. The accident had happened in getting it out of a cart; the cask had tumbled out with a run, the hoops had burst, and it lay on the stones just outside the door of the wine-shop, shattered like a walnut shell.

All the people within reach had suspended their business, or their idleness, to run to the spot and drink the wine. The rough, irregular stones of the street, pointing every way, and designed, one might have thought, expressly to lame all living creatures that approached them, had damned it into little pools; these were surrounded, each by its own jostling group or crowd, according to its size. Some men knelt down, made scoops of their two hands joined, and sipped, or tried to help women, who bent over their shoulders, to sip, before the wine had all run out between their fingers. Others, men and women, dipped in the puddles with little mugs of mutilated earthenware, or even with handkerchiefs from women's mouths; others made small mud empaniments, to stem the wine as it ran; others, directed by lookers-on up at high windows, darted here and there, to cut off little streams of wine that started away in new directions; others devoted themselves to the sordid and ice-dried pieces of the cask, licking, and even champing the molten wine-rotted fragments with eager relish. There was no drainage to carry off the wine, and not only did it all get taken up, but so much mud got taken up along with it, that there might have been a scavenger in the street, if anybody acquainted with it could have believed in such a miraculous presence.

A shrill sound of laughter and of amused voices—voices of men, women and children—resounded in the street while this wine game lasted. There was little roughness in the sport, and much playfulness. There was a special companionship in it, an observable inclination on the part of every one to join some other one, which led, especially among the luckier or lighter hearted, to frolicsome embraces, drinking of healths, shaking of hands, and even joining of hands and dancing, a dozen together. When the wine was gone, and the places where it had been most abundant were raked into a gridiron-pattern by fingers, these demonstrations ceased, as suddenly as they had broken out. The man who had left his saw sticking in the fire-wood he was cutting, set it in motion again; the woman who had left on a door-step the little pot of hot ashes, at which she had been trying to soften the pain in her own starved fingers and toes, or in those of her child, returned to it; men with bare arms, mailed locks and cadaverous faces, who had emerged into the winter light from cellars, moved away to descend again; and a gloom gathered on the scene that appeared more natural to it than sunshine.

The wine was red wine, and had stained the ground of the narrow street in the suburb of St. Antoine, in Paris, where it was spilled. It had stained many hands, too, and many faces, and many naked feet, and many wooden shoes. The hands of the man who sawed the wood, left red marks on the billets; and the forehead of the woman who nursed her baby, was stained with the stain of the old rag she would about her head again. Those who had been greedy with the staves of the cask, had acquired a tigerish smear about the mouth; and one tall joker so besmirched, his head more out of a long squallid bag of a night-cap than in it, scrambled upon a wall with his finger dipped in muddy wine-les—Broom.

The time was so come, when that wine too would be spilled on the street stones, and when the stain of it would be red upon many there. And now that the cloud settled on Saint Antoine, which a momentary gleam had driven from his sacred countenance, the darkness of it was heavy—cold, dirt, sickness, ignorance, and want; were the lords in waiting on the saintly presence—nobles of great power all of them; but, most especially, the last. Samples of a people that had undergone a terrible grinding and re-grinding in the mill, and certainly not in the fabulous mill which ground old people young, shivered at every corner, passed in and out at every door-way, looked from every window, fluttered in every vestige of a garment that the wind shook. The mill which had worked them down, was the mill that grinds young people old; the children had ancient faces and grave voices, and upon them, and upon the grown faces, and ploughed into every furrow of age and coming up afresh, was the sign, Hunger. It was prevalent everywhere. Hunger was pushed out of the tall houses, in the wretched clothing that hung upon poles and lines; Hunger was patched into them with straw and rag and wood and paper; Hunger was repeated in every fragment of the small modicum of fire-wood that the man saved off; Hunger stared down from the smokeless chimneys, and started up from the filthy street that had no offal, among its refuse, of any thing to eat. Hunger was the inscription on the baker's shelves, written in every small loaf of his scanty stock of bad bread; at the sausage shop, in every dead dog preparation that was offered for sale. Hunger rattled in the turned cylinders; Hunger was shored into stonies in every frying pan of hasty chips of potato, fried with some reluctant drops of oil.

Its shadding place was in all things—fitted to it. A narrow, winding street, full of offense and stench, with other narrow, winding streets diverging, all peopled by rags and night-caps, and all smelling of rags and night-caps, and all visible things with a brooding look upon them that looked ill. In the hunted air of the people there was yet some wild-beast thought of the possibility of turning at bay. Depressed and slinking though they were, eyes of fire were not

wanting among them; nor compressed lips, white with what they suppressed; nor foreheads knitted into the likeness of the gallow-ropes they mused about, enduring, or inflicting. The trade signs (and they were almost as many as the shops) were, all, grim illustrations of Want. The butcher and the porkman painted on only the leanest scraps of meat; the baker, the coarsest of meagre loaves. The people rarely pictured as drinking in the wine-shops, croaked over their scanty measures of thin wine and beer, and were gloweringly confidential together. Nothing was represented in a flourishing condition, save tools and weapons; but, the cutler's knives and axes were sharp and bright, the smith's hammers were heavy, and the gun-maker's stock was monstrous. The crippling stones of the pavement with their many little reservoirs of mud and water, had no footways, but broke off abruptly at the doors. The houses, to make amends, ran down the middle of the street—when it ran at all; which was only after heavy rains, and then it ran, by many eccentric fits, into the houses. Across the streets, at wide intervals, one clumsy lamp was slung by a rope and pulley; at night, when the lamp-lighter had let these down, and lighted, and hoisted them again, a feeble grove of dim wicks swung in a sickly manner overhead, as if they were at sea. Indeed they were at sea, and the ship and crew were in peril of tempest.

For the time was so come, when the gaunt scarecrows of that region should have watched the lamp-lighter, in their ill-nature and hunger, so long as to conceive the idea of improving on his method, and hanging up men by their ropes and pulleys, to stare upon the darkness of their condition. But the time was not come yet; and every wind that blew over France shook the rage of the scarecrows in vain, for the birds, of fine song and feather, took no warning.

The wine-shop was a corner shop, better than most others in its appearance and degree, and the master of the wine-shop had stood outside it, in a yellow waistcoat and green breeches, looking on at the struggle for the lost wine. "It's not my affair," said he, with a final shrug of his shoulders. "The people from the market did it. Let them bring another."

There, his eyes happening to catch the tall joker writing up his joke, he called to him across the way.

"Say, then, my Gaspard, what do you do there?"

The fellow pointed to his joke with immense significance, as is often the way with his tribe. It missed its mark, and completely failed, as is often the way with his tribe too.

"What now? Are you a subject for the mad-hospital?" said the wine-shop keeper, crossing the road, and obliterating the jest with a handful of mud, picked up for the purpose, and smeared over it. "Why do you write in the public streets? Is there—tell me thou—Is there no other place to write such words in?"

In his expostulation he dropped his cleaner hand (perhaps accidentally, perhaps not) upon the joker's heart. The joker rapped it with his own, took a nimble spring upward, and came down in a fantastic dancing attitude, with one of his stained shoes jerked off his foot into his hand, and held out. A joker of an extremely, not to say wolfishly, practical character, he looked, under those circumstances.

"Put it on, put it on," said the other. "Call wine, wine; and finish there." With that advice, he wiped his soiled hand upon the joker's dress, as he was, quite deliberately, as having dirtied the hand on his account; and then re-crossed the road and entered the wine-shop.

This wine-shop keeper was a bull-necked, martial-looking man of thirty, and he should have been of a hot temperament, for, although it was a bitter day, he wore no coat, but carried one slung over his shoulder. His shirt sleeves were rolled up, too, and his brown arms were bare to the elbows. Neither did he wear anything more on his head than his own crisply curling, short, dark hair. He was a dark man altogether, with good eyes, and a good bold breadth between them. Good humored looking, on the whole, but implacable looking, too; evidently a man of a strong resolution and a set purpose; a man not desirable to be met, running down a narrow pass with a gulf on either side, for nothing would turn the man.

Madame Defarge, his wife, sat in the shop behind the counter as he came in. Madame Defarge was a stout woman of about his own age, with a watchful eye that seldom seemed to look at anything, a large hand heavily ringed, a steady face, strong features, and great composure of manner. There was a character about Madame Defarge, from which one might have predicted that she did not often make mistakes against herself in any of the reckonings over which she presided. Madame Defarge being sensitive to cold, was wrapped in fur, and had a quantity of bright shawl twined about her head, though not to the concealment of her large ear-rings. Her knitting was before her, but she had laid it down to pick her teeth with a toothpick. Thus engaged, with her right elbow supported by her left hand, Madame Defarge said nothing when her lord came in, but coughed just one grain of cough. This, in combination with the lifting of her darkly defined eyebrows over her toothpick by the breadth of a line, suggested to her husband that he would do well to look round the shop among the customers, for any new customer who had dropped in while he stepped over the way.

The wine-shop keeper accordingly rolled his eyes about until they rested upon an elderly gentleman and a young lady, who were seated in a corner. Other company were there: two playing cards, two playing dominoes, three standing by the counter lengthening out short supply of wine. As he passed behind the counter, he took notice that the elderly gentleman said in a look to the young lady. "This is our man."

"What the devil do you do in that gallery there?" said Monsieur Defarge to himself. "I don't know you."

But he feigned not to notice the two strangers, and fell into discourse with the triumvirate of customers who were drinking at the counter.

"How goes it, Jacques?" said one of these

three to Monsieur Defarge. "Is all the spilled wine swallowed?"

"Every drop, Jacques," answered Monsieur Defarge.

When this interchange of Christian names was effected, Madame Defarge, picking her teeth with her toothpick, coughed another grain of cough, and raised her eyebrows by the breadth of another line.

"It is not often," said the second of the three, addressing Monsieur Defarge, "that many of these miserable beasts know the taste of wine, or of any thing but black bread and death. Is it not so, Jacques?"

"It is so, Jacques," Monsieur Defarge returned.

At this

Wit and Gamor.

CONSUMPTION (GAMOR) AND GAMOR.—Some newspapers, it would seem, are required for their curiosity. Their peculiarity is pointedly hit by the following, which, says the Newport Daily News, is aimed at somebody:

Duncan Fell, Esq., has just commenced the edition of a new volume in front of his mansion, on Mary street, in this city. On one of the points in the following is manuscript:

"The proposed issue is to be sixty feet long, 3 1/2 feet wide and weighing to be fifteen hundred lbs. Mr. Eaton is the carpenter, and Mr. Funder the mason. The work is to be done by the day."

"Terms cash."
"Messrs. Finch & Sons furnish the lumber."
"I hope this will be satisfactory to the public."

"April 25, 1859."

Conclusion to the above thrilling legend:

"It was on the first night of the to-be-dry month of May, 1859, the month of flowers and balmy zephyrs, passionate attraction, green peas and other affluents, that Duncan Fell lay buried in the arms of slumber. A loud and terrible rapping aroused him. A dark form was pounding away at the door. As Fell looked from the window, the form cried aloud: 'Say, you, Mister Fell, be you again to have this 'ere fence white or yaller washed?'"

"It will look a 'DERVED RIGHT BETTER!"—The Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser tells the following:

One of our citizens, the other day, was presented with a highly-finished and costly pocket knife, containing a very large blade of fine Sheffield steel, a small blade, corkscrew, tweezers and other "finics," which make it a very serviceable implement for one to have about him. The donor remarked to the donor, however, scrutinizing the large blade attentively, that he was rather opposed to "toting" such a knife, for the reason that, when opened, the large blade presented a formidable aspect, and that, being a remarkably peaceable man, he had no use for a blade of such huge proportions. Turning round and smiling at the evident innocence of the donor, the donor remarked:

"Well, —, there is no telling what will happen. You may be placed in a situation where you will be obliged to defend yourself with desperation. In that case, this instrument will serve you as well as a real blow knife; and more than that, before a jury it will look a 'dered right better!"

PEOPLE'S NOTICE.—Nothing in the way of a practical joke has amused us so much, for a long time, as a day notice that was given at the Orthodox church in Lancaster last Sunday. It may well serve as a burlesque on advertising all sorts of things from the pulpit. A notice was sent to the sexton—doubtless with the intention of having it posted on the meeting-house—which, by some mistake, he was led to pass over to the minister. The officiating clergyman was a stranger, and when he came to read his notice he hesitated somewhat, but, after a pause to the effect that, being a stranger, he did not feel at liberty to decline reading what was given him, led off as follows:

"All owners of dogs are hereby notified that if the same are not registered by the 1st of May, they will be killed, according to law."

The effect on the congregation can be imagined.—*Clinton Courant.*

INTERESTING TO DRINKERS.—The Taunton Republican gives the following refreshing story, which we commend to the attention of those in the habit of "tipping the mug." A few days since, says that paper, a man went into one of the beer shops in town, and called for a half-pint of ale. The ale was brought to him in a common pint measure; he drank a little, and thinking it tasted rather queerly, asked the storekeeper if anything was the matter with his beer. The answer was, that it was first-rate beer, just brought in from Boston. This satisfied the customer, and he swallowed the remainder of the beer. When he got through, seeing something in the bottom of the measure, he asked what it was. "I declare," said the shopkeeper, "I forgot to take out the soap the last time I shaved!"

CALLING A WITNESS.—Some time in the spring of 1857, the steamer St. Nicholas "opened" at New Orleans with a call, the first one ever heard in those parts, causing the greatest consternation among the servants, most of whom supposed they must now give an account of their sins, sure enough. But one of them, a girl, stood and listened for some time, and at last walked into the house, and expressed her opinion thus:

"Missus, I don't b'lieve dat ar's Gabriel, 'cause I a't feared a bit; but if it's him, he's playin' 'Wait for the Wagon,' sure as you're born!"

HOW TO GAIN UNANIMITY IN JURY.—Let the jury consist entirely of ladies! As it is proverbial that women never do disagree, there would not be the slightest difficulty in securing always an unanimous verdict. The whole twelve would vote as one woman—more especially if one of their own sex was being tried. Besides, the mere prospective horror of a dozen women being all locked up together, without a cup of tea, or a stocking to mend, or a baby to play with, or a novel to thumb, would force them to agree long before they had looked at the prisoner even, to see whether he was good-looking or not.—*Punch.*

LAWYERS HAVE GROWN SO VERY GENTLE, they have altered their very name and very nature. Once upon a time they used to be called attorneys—now, forsooth, they are solicitors; formerly they were styled lawyers, but now nothing but beanstomachs will do; and nice beanstomachs they are for a fellow to lean upon that's going down stairs to the deuce.—*Sun Stick.*

AN INTRIGUE JUNE.—Did any one ever see the umbrellas again which he had lent for just "five minutes?"

AN AWKWARD DINNER.—An awkward affair which occurred to one of the judges on the Western Circuit has been the subject of much mirth. It appears that the pious judicial, having finished his labors, and having cast off his formal wig at his lodgings, had retired into the next room to wait for his brother judge, whom he was about to accompany to some of the local aristocracy to dinner. The female servant of the house had entered the bed-chamber by a side door, and not knowing the judge was in the next room, in a frolic arrayed herself in the judge's wig. Just at the moment when the fair Mopsy was admiring herself in the looking-glass, the judge unexpectedly entered the room, and poor Mopsy, catching a sight of the stern countenance looking over her shoulder in the glass, was so alarmed that she fainted, and would have fallen to the ground, if the learned judge, impelled by humanity, had not caught her in his arms. At this critical moment his brother judge arrived, and opened the dressing-room door, with a view to seeing if he was ready, discovered his learned brother with the fainting maid in his arms. Not wishing to interrupt what he thought to be an amour, he quickly attempted to withdraw, when his brother judge vociferated, "For Heaven's sake stop and hear this matter explained." "Never mind, my dear brother, the matter explains itself," and he left his learned brother to recover the fainting maid as he could.—*Grimm's "Anecdotes of the Bar."*

QUEST OF POWER.—It is amusing to notice how, in some parts of the world, noise and pretension pass for power and merit. In reading the life of Watt, the inventor, recently published, we find in his correspondence a paragraph which both illustrates this popular infirmity of judgment, and exhibits the pleasant humor of the great scientist. Writing to his partner, respecting one of the first steam engines put in operation in Cornwall, Watt says: "The velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise of the engine give universal satisfaction to all beholders, whether believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine to end its stroke gently and make less noise; but Mr. — cannot sleep unless it seems quite furious, so I have left it to the engine man. And, by the by, the noise serves to convey great ideas of power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man."

A CONSCIENTIOUS WIDOW.—A poor peasant on his death-bed made his will. He called his wife to him, and told her of his provisions. "I have left," he said, "my horse to my parents; sell it, and hand over to them the money you receive. I leave to you my dog; take care of him, he will serve you faithfully." The wife promised to obey, and in due time set out to the neighboring market, with the horse and the dog. "How much do you want for your horse?" inquired a farmer. "I cannot sell the horse alone, but you may have both at a reasonable rate. Give me ten pounds for the dog, and five shillings for the horse." The farmer laughed, but as the terms were low, he willingly accepted them. Then the worthy woman gave to her husband's parents the five shillings reserved for the horse, and kept the ten pounds for herself.

THE OWL'S CONDUCTOR IN AUSTRALIA.—Fowler, in his work on Australia, says: "I was riding alone in a 'bus, and was much annoyed at the conductor, who was constantly opening and slamming the door. 'What are you about, my boy?' I at length said. 'Why can't you leave the door alone?'—Oh! you're a new-chum," was the contemptuous answer. 'Well; but what has that to do with the matter?' You are not paid to annoy new chums, are you?'—Of course not; but don't you see every time I bang the door the horses think some one has got out, and—my oath!—that's the only way I can make 'em put on the steam. You see, he quietly asked, summing me up as a Londoner with a look, 'these here horses is Cockneys, and must be dealt with as such.'"

A LUXURIOUS COUCH.—Beggars swarm in China, and their king lives at Peking. They die by the roadside, and are forgotten. At Peking there is a large house, called "The House of the Hen's Feathers;" here the floor of an immense hall is strewn three feet deep with feathers; and into this wallowing sea of down, at a certain hour, all homeless vagabonds who apply for shelter are turned. At a boat of the tam-tam an immense tarantuling counterpane comes down unrolling from the ceiling, and spreads over them all, like the wings of a fabulous roc hatching a nestful of eggs. The next morning, at a similar hour, it is again drawn up, and the vagabonds disperse to seek their sores and collect their alms.—*The Kingdom of Flowers.*

MONSTRAL EXPERIENCE.—A home missionary writes to the Congregationalist some of his experience of preaching in the West. He says: "Imagine, for instance, a huge rat coming out from a hole in the dark floor, and running up to my feet, so that I have to kick at him and frighten him away. Think of this same rat taking a circuit of the front of the dark floor, and being caught sight of by a little dog, who starts for him, just loses his game in the hole, and sets up a bark, right in the midst of the sermon, and just too far away to be reached by my foot! Imagine a woman jumping up, just as you are becoming interested in your topic, and shouting 'Amos!' Amos! In the most obstreperous manner possible!"

THE YANKEE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE ANNUAL PROPENSITIES IN THE RATS. A clever Yankee being much troubled with rats, and being determined to get rid of them, tried every possible plan, but without success. At last he got a lot of rats and shut them in a cage; they devoured one another till only a single one was left. He then turned this one loose, who, excited by the blood of his fellow-rats, and having become a genuine cannibal, killed and ate all the wild rats he could find on the premises.—*Blackbird.*

NO MAN IS SO HIGH AS TO BE INDEPENDENT of the success of agriculture; no man so low as not to be affected by its prosperity or decline.—*Daniel Webster.*



OH, WHAT A HUMBUG!

DIANA.—Mamma, dear, here's a note from dear Charles, telling me, no doubt, to be ready to take a ride with him this afternoon. (Reads.)—"My darling wife. You need not stay at home for me this afternoon. I met Angelina Sweetlips in the street this morning, and as she hinted something about that ride I once promised to take her, you know I could not well refuse. Your ever affectionate Charles."

Agricultural.

SPARE THE OWLS AND SAVE YOUR WHEAT!

The following letter, in favor of the Barn Owl, recently appeared in the *London Times*:

"Sir:—In your impression of the 9th inst., I saw a sensible letter headed 'An Owl's Larder,' from Mr. Ellis, of Leicestershire, who, I make no doubt is a benign gentleman, from his advocating the cause of a valuable and much persecuted bird, viz: the white, or barn owl. Many sportsmen, give an indiscriminate order to their keepers to destroy all vermin but the fox, and among them (in many cases in the ignorance of both) the poor owl is ranked. The consequence is, in some districts, they are nearly extinct, and where this is the case the stacks and barns swarm with mice. Last summer I witnessed the getting in of a small stack of wheat in Shropshire, which the owner supposed would yield enough for his family, of wife and three servants, for eight or nine months. All that he got from it fit to send to the mill was four and a half bushels. Four hundred mice were killed, and as many more, we suppose, escaped. These animals, as well as young rats, require vegetation and water. At dusk they come out, and out at the same time comes the owl. No doubt they were created by an all-wise Providence to keep these vermin under, as the rook is for the destruction of the wire-worm, and the toad for slugs. If it were not so we should be eaten up. They know by instinct how to go about their calling better than we do. If the rook and owl do pilfer a little at times when pinched by hunger, the laborer must have his hire; and with all our sagacity we cannot master them like they can. The cat kills more game in a season than the owl in his lifetime, and the farmer, with salt and chemicals, which cost him a good deal of money, cannot keep the wire-worm out of his land."

"In former days, in the country, they had the 'owl' hole in their barns, as regularly as the pitching hole, for his ingress and egress, many of which I find are stopped up. During five summers in the vicinity I have mentioned, I have only seen one owl skimming the meadows at nightfall. This year an unfortunate one flew over the cricket-ground at dusk one evening, when the first thing that occurred to a young sportsman was to fetch his gun and shoot him. This is being worse than people we call barbarians, for in India they religiously, and by law, protect two useful birds—the Brahmin kite and the adjutant. In Barbary the stork is safe, where they say, 'On the houses they choose for their nest no evil cometh.'"

"I remain, your most obedient servant,"

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

"OBERLIN."

remained till spring. When examined, they had become swollen, plump and fresh, and being set, all grew. We have served the above mentioned plum grafts in the same way, and there is a large possibility they may be recovered.

In another instance we had given particular directions to a friend for putting up a few scions of a rare sort, but he thought to improve upon them by first wrapping them in cotton-battling, and then applying the oil-cloth casing. The consequence was, the cotton-battling, acting as a dry sponge, absorbed nearly all the moisture from them, and they were dry and shriveled when received. The result was the same as if they had been placed in the folds of unsized paper.

It may be rather late now for these remarks to be in season, but the same rule applies to the transmission of buds at midsummer, and some of our readers may bear them in mind till that period.—*Country Gentleman.*

PROBABLE PROFITABLE FOR FATTENING THAN HOPE.—Having tried an experiment with both kinds the past season, I am disposed to give you the result, hoping that others may also try a like experiment—upon a more even scale as to season of year—and report through your paper. In this way farmers may, through the medium of an agricultural paper, increase their annual income more than ten times the cost of such a paper.

In Sept., 1857, I bought two pigs at \$2 each, and kept them until Dec. 14th, 1858, which was the time they were butchered. They had been fed about 60 bushels of corn—about half of it ground and scalded, the other half having previously been fed in the ear. The feed, other than corn, is in both experiments offset against the manure made by them. They weighed respectively when butchered, 332 and 344 lbs.

On the 20th of August, 1858, I bought two other pigs, bred by the same sow, and at the same price. They were fed mostly upon sweet apples, with a few raw potatoes and a few nubbies, until Dec. 15; I then commenced feeding them with corn boiled, until soft, and fed cold. This kind of feed was continued about two weeks, when their feed was changed to scalded meal, which feed was continued until Feb. 8th, when they were butchered. Their respective weights, 237 and 244 lbs.—They had been fed about 25 bushels of scalded corn, in form as above described. The old hogs were about seventeen months, and the pigs three days less than seven months old, when killed. Valuing the corn at 80 cents per bushel, and the pork at 8 cents per lb., the account stands as follows:—

| Old Hogs. | Dr. | Cr. | Pigs. | Dr. | Cr. |
|---------------------|-------|---------|-------------------|-------|---------|
| To cost of pigs. | 4.00 | | To cost of pigs. | 4.00 | |
| To 60 bushels corn. | 48.00 | | To 25 bu. corn. | 20.00 | |
| By 332 lbs. pork. | | \$52.00 | By 244 lbs. pork. | | \$38.64 |
| | | \$52.00 | | | \$38.64 |

It will be seen that the pigs yield a profit of \$14.64, while that of the old hogs is only \$2.08, to say nothing of the extra time and trouble in taking care of the old ones.—*Correspondent Country Gentleman.*

THE APPLE BARK LOUSE.—From several friends, mostly at the West, we have received pieces of apple bark, completely covered with the Apple Bark Louse, with inquiries for a remedy. The scales are relics of the bodies of female insects, covering and protecting their eggs. The eggs are so minute that these small scales sometimes cover more than a hundred. The time of hatching is from the middle of May until the first of June. We will give two of the best remedies known. 1st. Prune early in the spring. Mix tar and linseed oil together, and apply warm with a paint-brush to every limb. This, when dry, cracks and peels off, bringing away the scales and eggs with it. Trees thus treated will show the benefit received by a vigorous growth. 2nd. Boil leaf tobacco in a strong lye until it is reduced to an impalpable pulp; mix this with soft soap (which has been made cold, and not the jelly-like boiled soap,) to make the mass about the consistency of thin paint. Prune the trees and apply this preparation with a brush, to every

limb and twig. This will take time, but the remedy is effectual. A gentleman in the western part of this State, wrote us last season that he had entirely rid his orchard of this pest, by simply throwing unleached ashes over the branches and trunk when wet. Care must be used that the ashes do not touch the leaves. The best time for this operation would be early in the spring, before the buds push.—*Rural New Yorker.*

He has out-soured the shadow of our night;
Evil and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that sweet which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's low stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn.

A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkling ashes lead an unaltered war.
—*Shelley.*

limb and twig. This will take time, but the remedy is effectual. A gentleman in the western part of this State, wrote us last season that he had entirely rid his orchard of this pest, by simply throwing unleached ashes over the branches and trunk when wet. Care must be used that the ashes do not touch the leaves. The best time for this operation would be early in the spring, before the buds push.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO PRESERVE DRIED FRUIT.—The *Lancet* (N. C.) says: One day last week, while purchasing a lot of dried fruit, we discovered small pieces of sawdust bark mixed among it, and upon inquiry, were informed that it was a preventive against the worm. It is said that dried fruit put away with a little bark, (say a large handful to the bushel,) will save for years, unmolested by those troublesome little insects, which so often destroy hundreds of bushels in a single season. The remedy is cheap and simple, but we venture to say a good one.

ASPARAGUS A REMEDY FOR HYDROPHOBIA.—A correspondent of the *Providence Journal* sends that paper the following receipt as a remedy for hydrophobia:

"Eat the green shoots of asparagus raw, sleep and perspiration will be induced, and the disease can thus be cured in any stage of canine madness."

A man in Athens, Greece, was cured by this remedy after the paroxysms had commenced.

CURE FOR LOCKIAW.—"We have noticed lately," says the *Lancet*, "accounts of a number of deaths by this disease, which induces us to republish a positive preventive and remedy for this disease. It is the simple application of beef's gall to the wound. Besides its antiseptic properties, the gall draws from the wound any particles of wood, glass, iron or other substances that may cause irritation, when other applications may fail."

TO MAKE MORTAR INFERTIVE TO WET.—Provide a square wood trough, say 8 feet by 4 feet by 1 foot 4 inches; put a quantity of fresh lump lime in; add water quickly. When the lime is well boiled, having assisted that operation by frequent stirring, add tar (the heat of the boiling lime melts the tar), stir it well, taking care that every part of the lime is intimately mixed with the tar; then add sharp sand or crushed clinker, and stir well as before, after which, in about twenty hours, it will be fit for use.

Tar and Lime may also be used, in order to make either wood or masonry waterproof. The best way to prepare gas or coal-tar for coating woodwork with, is to get some of the best stone lime, avoiding chalk lime, and slake it to a fine powder; boil the tar for about half an hour, and then add about one pint of the hot lime powder to a gallon of tar, and boil it about half an hour longer, stirring it all the while. It will then be ready for use. Lay it on with a brush while it is hot, and you will find it to set hard, and have a brilliant appearance. It is the best coating for woodwork, except lead.—*Builder.*

TO AVOID THE SHIRT.—Persons of defective sight, when threading a needle, should hold it over something white, by which the sight will be assisted.

BRIKE A CURE FOR WARTS.—Having seen a recommendation of a method of curing warts on horses, which seems to me to be very cruel, I am induced to write my experience in curing them, believing that warts have one origin, and are the same, and the same remedy will cure, on whatever animal they may be found. It is some years since I saw a young man in Salem, Mass., the back of whose hands were literally covered with warts, many of them large and seedy, and very troublesome. I told him to go and wash his hands in the tide water in the same, (he worked in a tide mill,) three times a day for one week, and to use plenty of soap, and in a few weeks his warts would be among the missing. He took my advice, and the warts left in about two months.

Cows often have warts on their udders. I have seen many, and some very bad, which I have cured by simply washing them after milking, for one or two weeks, with brine, which is my only remedy, and has never failed of a cure.—*Correspondence of Country Gent.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EATING.—A writer says: In 1844, a French soldier was forced to quit the service, because he could not overcome his violent repugnance to animal food. Dr. Prout, whose testimony will be more convincing to English readers, knew a person on whom mutton acted as a poison:—"He could not eat mutton in any form. The peculiarity was supposed to be owing to caprice, but the matter was repeatedly disguised and given to him unknown, but uniformly with the same result of producing violent vomiting and diarrhoea. And from the severity of the effects, which were, in fact, those of a virulent poison, there was little doubt that if the use of mutton had been persisted in, it would soon have destroyed the life of the individual." Dr. Pereira, who quotes this passage, adds: "I know a gentleman who has repeatedly had an attack of indigestion after the use of roast mutton."

Some persons, it is known, cannot take coffee without vomiting; others are thrown into a general inflammation if they eat cherries or gooseberries. Hahn relates of himself that seven or eight strawberries would produce convulsions in him. Tissot says he could never swallow sugar without vomiting. Many persons are unable to eat eggs; and cakes or puddings, having eggs in their composition, produce serious disturbances in such persons, if they are induced to eat them under false assurances.

He has out-soured the shadow of our night;
Evil and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that sweet which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not, and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's low stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn.

A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkling ashes lead an unaltered war.
—*Shelley.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 7, 9, 10, 11, was the goddess of husbandry, and leading cattle.

My 2, 15, 16, 17, was an Italian nymph, mother of Adonis.

My 3, 1, 11, was the daughter of Cecrops and Venus, and the sister of Demeter. She was called Cybele, Rhea, and Meter Deum.

My 4, 8, 10, 13, 14, 3, was a philosopher so holy, as by M. Antonius, that he erected him a golden statue.

My 5, 7, 6, 5, 13, 12, 11, was a Greek soothsayer, who went with the Grecians to the Trojan war.

My 6, 10, 5, 14, 3, 2, was the son of King Priam, and the most radiant of all the Trojans, who at last was slain by Achilles, who ungenerously dragged his body round the walls of Troy, till his father redeemed it with a great sum, and buried it honorably.

My 7, 2, 5, 12, 11, was the son of Jupiter, and the nymph Callisto, turned into a she-bear by Juno.

My 8, 6, 10, 7, was the mother of Romulus and Remus.

My 9, 10, 2, 13, 12, is a lake near Argos in Peloponnesus, where Hercules slew the hydra, whose heads grew again as fast as they were cut off.

My 10, 2, 11, was the goddess of the morning.

My 11, 3, 9, 10, 13, was one of the wise men of Greece.

My 12, 11, 5, 2, 7, is a village of Greece, not far from Mount Helicon, the birth-place of Hesiod, the Greek poet.

My 13, 10, 1, 3, 11, was a famous biographer in the time of Augustus.

My 14, 10, 17, 16, 11, is an island in the Aegean sea.

My 15, 10, 5, 7, 14, 10, was a goddess, the same below as Juno in heaven, and Diana on earth, whence she is called Triopis and Teremina.

My 16, 14, 6, 3, was a Roman Emperor, who succeeded Galba. He was a very effeminate man.

My 17, 3, 9, 7, is a city of Campania, where bells were first founded.

And my whole is the name of one of the most illustrious classical scholars of America.

Floydsburg, Ky. THOS. J. CROW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first we all should know when young,

And learn to lip with infant tongue,

Though some, 'tis said, it may be so,

Do live and die and never know.

My second's in perdition sure,

Is always first with each pursuer;

My whole—but here doth language fail,

Although I'm of a substance frail;

Oh, could I tell one half the uses,

Could I portray one half the abuses,

Where so much space is worse than spoiled,

In which my virgin face is soiled.

Of colors I am every hue,

From ebony to Prussian blue;

But white is most in common use,

And suffers most the vile abuse;

The merchant, grocer, man of law,

And politician largely draw;

The farmer has much less, but he